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The Lady Mayoress

The Lord Mayor

Mr. Gerald Balfour

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Mr. Brodrick
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THE PRIME MINISTER AT THE MANSION HOUSE: THE LORD MAYOR RECEIVING MR. BALFOUR

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Topics of the Week

The Royal Procession

THE enthusiastic loyalty which marked King Edward's progress through the West End last August will now find a hearty echo in the East and South as well. To-day's procession is primarily a visit by the King to his poorer subjects. He knows that they were bitterly disappointed by the postponement of the Coronation and of the magnificent procession which was to have immediately followed it, and he determined that, so far as possible, the omission should be made good. There is little enough of brightness in the lives of many thousands of those who will crowd the streets of South London this Saturday, and the chance of seeing the King and Queen pass by in State is an opportunity that will be welcomed by all. There is another aspect of Saturday's proceedings that is equally important. One of the features of the Coronation was to have been a State banquet at the Guildhall. As the banquet proved impossible, their Majesties have arranged to lunch with the Lord Mayor and the City magnates. Such an event is thoroughly in harmony with the traditions of the English Monarchy and of the City of London. The Corporation of the City is almost as old as the Monarchy itself, and the City of London has always possessed special privileges and special duties in relation to the Monarchy. It would have been a thousand pities if King Edward had been unable to emphasise and renew afresh these happy relations, that have already lasted through ten centuries at least. The combination now arranged is thus a peculiarly happy one. Their Majesties first are entertained by the representatives of the great City, which embodies in itself so large a share both of the ancient history and of the modern wealth of the English nation, and then they proceed to visit their poorer subjects on the other side of the river, and to bring, though it be but for a brief moment, some brightness and colour into lives that are too often saddened by an all-pervading dingy drab.

In Somaliland

HOWEVER regrettable the reverse suffered by Colonel Swayne in his operations against the Somali Mahdists may be, it will have served a useful purpose if it directs public attention to the importance of turning to account the British possessions on the great Eastern Horn of Africa. Of the existence of these possessions the public at home knows little; of their great strategical importance and commercial promise they know less. For this ignorance the present deplorable situation is primarily due, for it is impossible for the Imperial Government to undertake costly expeditions or to establish an elaborate administrative machinery in countries which do not interest the tax-payer. The coast of Somaliland, with the important ports of Zeyla, Bulhar, and Berbera, became British some fifteen years ago, as a consequence of the collapse of Egyptian dominion in the Soudan. For some years it was administered as a sub-dependency of Aden, which, owing to its strategical position on the road to India, has always been a transmarine dependency of the Indian Empire. In 1898, however, it was transferred to the Imperial Government, and was taken in charge by the Foreign Office. No public explanations have ever been given of this transfer, but to those who have watched the development of the international rivalry in the Red Sea and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the motives by which the Foreign Office was actuated cannot be very obscure. With the French established at Jibuti and the Germans and Russians casting about for coaling stations in the same neighbourhood, and with the sudden growth of the military power of Abyssinia in the dominating background, the Imperial Government probably thought that Somaliland, which holds the principal gate to Abyssinia, the while it divides with Aden the command of the *carréfour* of the Red Sea, should not remain a subsidiary concern of a colonial administration. Unfortunately the prevision of the Imperial Government did not go beyond taking the Protectorate under its immediate wing. Although an immense region had been marked off as British, in virtue of treaties with Abyssinia and Italy, nothing was done to occupy the country outside the coast towns. The result was that the Arab Sheiks, left to themselves, were free to plot against the suzerain, and early in 1899 these plots came to a

head in the agitation of the Mullah Muhammed Abdullah, who proclaimed himself Mahdi, and called upon the Faithful to rise and drive the Giaour into the sea. The disaffection spread over an immense area. Simultaneously with the movement of the Mullah in the South of the Somaliland Protectorate, the Sheiks in the Northern Provinces of British East Africa became rebellious. Consequently, in 1899 two expeditions had to be organised, one against the Ogaden Sheiks and Sultans in Jubaland, and the other against the Mullah. The Ogaden was effectually pacified, and the Mullah was several times defeated and forced to take refuge in Italian territory. Thereupon the British retired once more to the coast, hoping that the Mullah would profit by his lesson. Last January, however, he broke out again, and another expedition had to be organised. This is the expedition which came to grief the other day at Erego. It is very clear from all this that the policy of shelving responsibility for the direct administration of the Protectorate is a failure, and that henceforth it will be necessary to hold the country with a strong hand. Happily the enterprise is one which will well repay its cost. The markets of the interior are of considerable value, and if once tranquillity is assured the trade of the ports will be enormously increased. Apart from this it is to be remembered that the strategical value of the coast must be rendered altogether nugatory so long as the interior is held by a hostile people bent on rendering our position untenable or, at any rate, a subject of anxiety.

Substituted Criminals in China

UP to the present it has been the almost universal practice of European Ministers at Peking to make pretence of belief when assured of the decapitation of some high-placed criminal. They know perfectly well that some ignoble substitute has been hired to undergo the death-penalty, but not a smile crossed their faces when the head of the sham criminal was produced as evidence of the execution of the real one. Happily, Sir Ernest Satow has cut through the continuity of this polite tradition. He and his diplomatic assistants refused to attend the Imperial reception at the Summer Palace until he had proof that the six officials implicated in the murders of two English missionaries were adequately punished. As Prince Ching had just previously stated most explicitly that the execution of the most culpable had already taken place, that high functionary must have been as much surprised as disgusted by Sir Ernest's rudeness in expressing utter incredulity. But the amiable and always courteous Prince's sensitiveness to strict decorum is not of much consequence after all. Like most Chinese officials attached to the Court, he attaches far too much consequence to etiquette. So long as his memory goes back, he has been accustomed to see the palpably false accepted by Europeans as the conveniently true, and he never doubted, for a second, that Sir

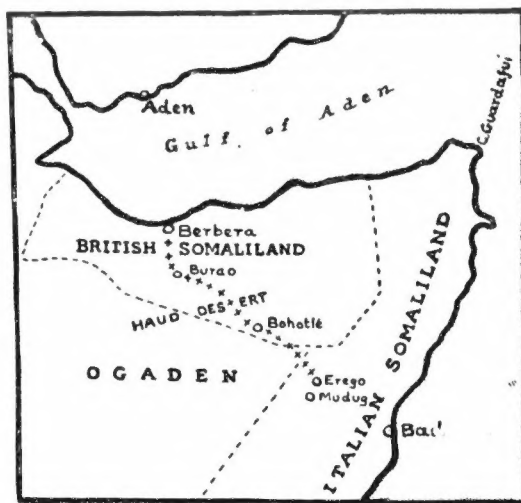
Ernest would fall in with that pleasant method of transacting diplomatic business. The rebuff the Prince has received, therefore, should do some little good towards eradicating from the Chinese mind the long-established conviction that high position secures its holder a large measure of immunity, even should he chance to murder a British subject or two.

Reservists and Time-expired Soldiers

WITH winter close at hand, it is painful to know that a large number of gallant soldiers lately returned from active service will stand a dismal chance of being very literally "left out in the cold." The War Office is doing all it can to stave off that dire catastrophe, and the benevolent organisations which undertake to provide employment for discharged soldiers and sailors are ably aiding its efforts. But the number of applicants is so abnormal that only a comparatively small percentage are yet provided for; and as the unskilled labour market always becomes stagnant in winter, the look-out for these unfortunates daily grows blacker. To make matters worse, not a few have still to wait for the discharge papers, without the production of which as vouchers it is futile to approach employers. It is of little or no practical importance with what officials the fault lies for the delay in furnishing these documents. No blame attaches to the men themselves, and as they are the sufferers, the responsibility for affording relief rests on the State. It is asserted that some of these fine fellows contemptuously reject offers of work at such low wages as eighteen shillings or twenty shillings a week. But stories of that kind should not be accepted until after searching investigation. It may have possibly occurred in a few instances, but there may have been other reasons than inadequacy of remuneration for refusal. What these men can fairly and legitimately claim is that they shall not be forced into the workhouse by starvation. If given time, they will, sooner or later, fit into the industrial ranks in one capacity or another. That, then, is the duty of the Government: to save the nation from humiliation and discredit before the face of the whole civilised world by furnishing these applicants with all they ask for, temporary employment sufficiently paid to insure them a decent living until they can shift for themselves.

More Remounts Scandals

THE unpleasant taste which was left in the British mouth by the whitewashing report of the Remounts Commission will be increased rather than diminished by the reports of the officers appointed to inquire into the operation of the departmental system in foreign markets. In spite of a marked disposition in several instances, to "take care of Dowb," the general pronouncement of these is distinctly adverse. What is to be said for a department which apparently remained ignorant of the fact that our forces in South Africa were being supplied with horses and mules utterly unfit for military use? Listen to General Lord Downe, by far the most plainspoken of the inquiring officers, to whom South Africa was assigned as his particular field for scrutiny:—"Both in the shipments which I have inspected on landing and in the depôts, I have found a large number of horses of an entirely unsuitable class for mounted men in this or any other country; in some cases this amounts to fifty per cent." No wonder that Lord Kitchener found it extremely difficult to ride down the capably mounted Boers; the tortoise would never have caught the hare had not the fleet animal taken a long nap. Nor was this a solitary instance of purveying the wrong sort of mounts to an army whose efficiency for the work in hand mainly depended on exceptional mobility. In the United States, the representative of "the system" actually ignored Chicago and the whole of the Middle and Western States as a possible source of supply, although this area contains a larger number of horses than all the other States put together. But for sheer perversity in blundering, there is nothing to beat the conduct of the department in South Africa in disobeying Lord Kitchener's precise and emphatic order that no horse should be issued for use until it had been a month in the country. Many were started off immediately after arrival, and reached the front in absolutely unserviceable condition.



The force which has been operating in Somaliland against the Mullah is commanded by Colonel Swayne, and consisted, at the commencement of the operations this summer, of 2,360 troops, of whom 1,500 were Somali levies, 800 the King's African Rifles, and sixty Sikhs, with two seven-pounder and six nine-pounder muzzle-loading rifle guns. As the force advanced southward past Burao, Bohotle, and other stations, it is probable that a number of men were detached to garrison these places, so that the force actually with Colonel Swayne at the beginning of the present month probably numbered less than 2,000, mostly raw Somali levies armed with Martini-Henry rifles. On October 6, the British force reached Erego, and was attacked in the thick bush while advancing in the morning. The enemy were repulsed twice with heavy loss. A zereba was formed, and in the afternoon another engagement took place, the enemy being again driven off after sharp fighting. Our losses were: two officers and fifty men killed, and two officers and about 100 wounded. Owing to want of water and to the difficulty in transporting the wounded, Colonel Swayne was obliged to fall back upon Bohotle, whence he has sent a message asking for the despatch of the remainder of the King's African Rifles from Berbera, and for 800 further reliable troops. From Aden 400 of the Bombay Grenadiers have already been despatched to Somaliland, and further reinforcements from India will probably be sent.

SKETCH MAP OF SOMALILAND, SHOWING LINE OF MARCH OF THE BRITISH TROOPS

THE ROYAL PROCESSION.—The DAILY GRAPHIC of Monday, October 27, will contain twenty *pages* of illustrations and letterpress, forming a complete account of the Royal Procession of Saturday, October 25, and of the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's on Sunday, October 26. Order early to avoid disappointment. Of all newsagents and bookstalls, One penny.

OCTOBER 21ST.

MEMORIES OF TRAFALGAR DAY

(Illustrated),

and

RECORD "GATES":

SOME FAMOUS FOOTBALL CROWDS

(with Diagram),

Are among the Interesting Features of this Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The Outlander

"Stand by!"—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY I. ASHBY-STERRY

By this time all the regulation holidays must be at an end—indeed, for weeks past, when I happen to look out of window, I have generally seen a family omnibus returning from the railway station. It always strikes me as a somewhat melancholy sight. Loaded with luggage, piled high with bicycles and baths outside, while the interior is packed tight with girls and boys of all ages, with nurse-maids and materfamilias—I observe pater generally manages to keep clear of this caravan—all bronzed by the sun, all somewhat depressed, not to say fractious, because their holiday is at an end, all sorry to return to everyday duties, to work, to lessons, to the daily monotonous round of everyday life, with its cares and its worries. It is all very fine to say there is no place like home. But if you were to ask the opinion of one of those brown-faced riotous boys he would probably inform you at the present moment that there is no place so beastly as home; and if you were to propound the same question to materfamilias and the girls they would probably convey the same idea couched in more elegant language. I have looked out all to-day and all yesterday, but no family omnibus has been visible, so I have come to the conclusion that all holidays are at an end, and everybody ought to be hard at work—myself among the number.

A courteous correspondent writing from Liverpool gives me some valuable information with regard to the law concerning barbed wire. He says: "Barbed wire placed so near a public highway as to cause danger is a nuisance, and an action will lie against the person so placing it for damages for any injury sustained ('Saunders on Negligence,' 2nd edition, page 27)." Furthermore, he informs me that "by the Barbed Wire Act, 1893, local authorities are empowered to remove barbed wire fencing from any land adjoining a highway, i.e., roads, streets, lanes and other thoroughfares." Surely the Thames between Cricklade and Lechlade must be a thoroughfare, and these regulations must apply to the case I have mentioned. "With respect to the barbed wire in the churchyard which caused damage to your boots," says my correspondent, "an action would lie if the churchyard was open to the public, as an owner of land is liable for damages (to a person having express or implied authority to use the land) caused by a concealed danger. In other words, he, the owner, may not lay a trap for persons permitted to use the land." The churchyard in question was certainly open to the public. It appeared to be an abode of truthfulness and peace, and about the last place you would expect to find a snake in the grass in the shape of fiendish barbed wire.

In addition to all this my informant says: "Dog spears are not illegal, but spring-guns, man-traps, or other engines calculated to injure human beings are, unless set in a dwelling-house between sunset and sunrise (24 & 25 Vict. C. 100)." It strikes me very forcibly that barbed wire should be included in these "other engines." The same authority tells me "there is a case in 8 'Times Reports,' 480, in which the plaintiff recovered damages for a coat torn in a barbed wire adjoining a footpath." It seems to me if I only had energy enough to move in the matter that I should have a very good chance of recovering the price of my damaged shoes.

It is satisfactory to find some steps have recently been taken to check the mutilation of newspapers in public reading-rooms. This evil is becoming far too common, and it is high time it were suppressed with a strong hand. It is not only the cost of the paper, but it is the inconvenience caused to other readers by the selfishness of the aforesaid mutilators. A man sees a paragraph that interests him in a paper that does not belong to him, and he forthwith cuts it out, without any consideration for the numerous readers that come after him, just because he does not choose to expend a penny on the purchase of the journal when he quits the reading-room. I am sorry to say this practice is not confined to public reading-rooms. It is terribly rife in hotels. There you find newspapers are not only mutilated, but they disappear altogether. You also find whole pages abstracted from the local guide-book, rendering the remainder well-nigh useless for those who wish to consult it. Not only does this dishonest practice obtain in hotels, but it is said to exist in clubs, where newspapers are found to be snipped, where magazines are missing, and where even books vanish in the most mysterious fashion.

The new Thames Preservation League will find plenty of scope for its energy, and will doubtless occupy itself largely with the "game of bridge," which just now seems to be a very popular pastime on the river. The great question at Sonning has been by no means settled yet, and that of Richmond will before long claim public attention. It is sincerely to be trusted that this picturesque structure of five arches—which bears a certain family likeness to Maidenhead and Henley—may yet be spared. Though not a veteran like New Bridge or Radcot, it is by no means a juvenile, for it must be at least a century and a quarter old. Moreover, it is a distinct ornament to this particular reach of the river, and is replete with countless pleasant associations. Has not someone somewhere sung?

How gladly each over-danced martyr
Will give up her afternoon Park,
To dine at the dear Star and Garter,
And snugly drive home in the dark!

It is said it is not strong enough to bear the increasing traffic. Why not leave the old bridge where it is and reserve it for foot-passengers and build another somewhere else that should be especially constructed to carry motor-cars, traction engines, and such like? For it should be borne in mind that it is the heavy traffic of this kind that is gradually breaking down old bridges that otherwise would last for centuries.

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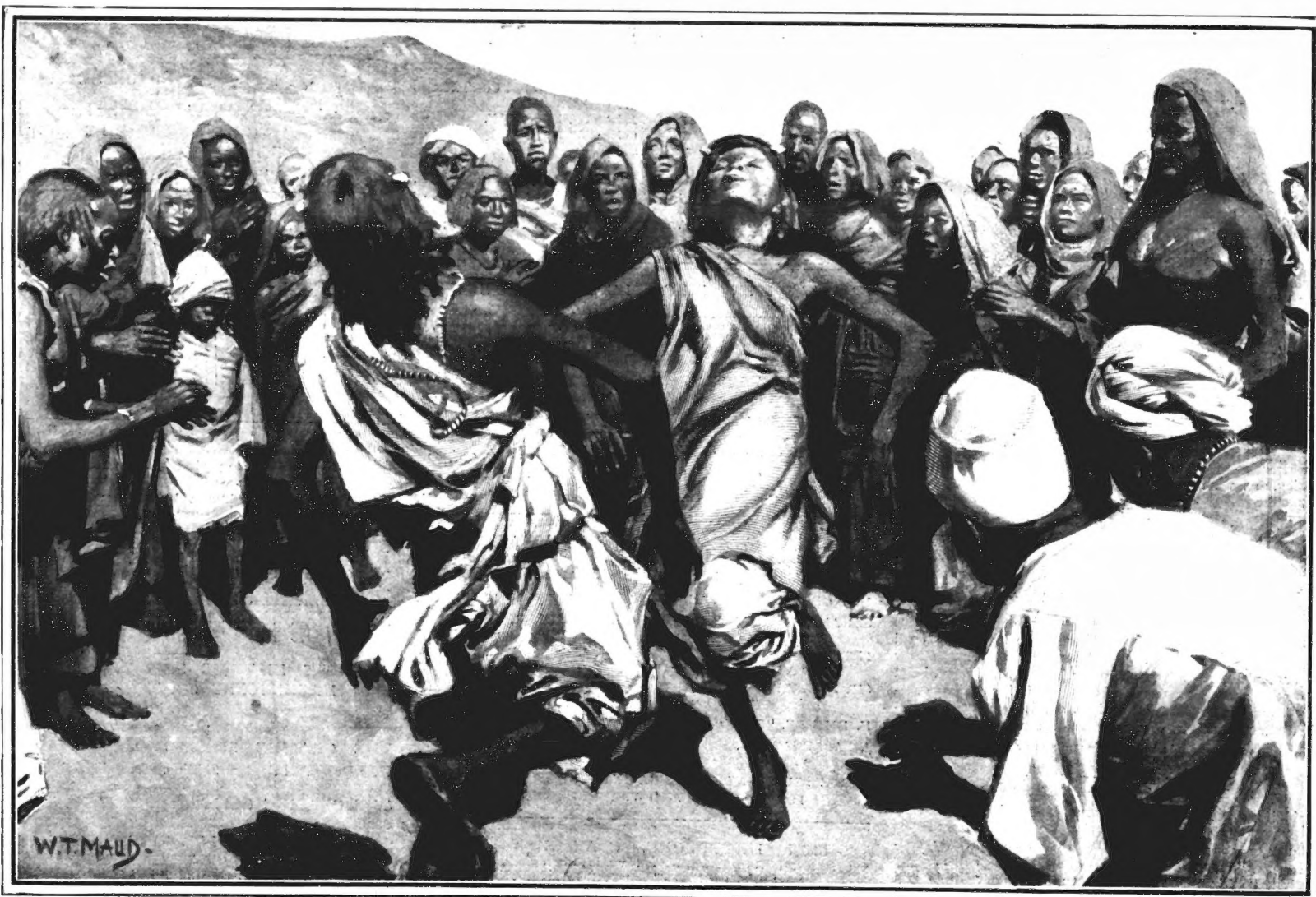
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A BRITISH OFFICER BUILDING HIS OWN HOUSE ON THE WHITE NILE



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN H. H. MORANT

ARAB WOMEN DANCING IN HONOUR OF THE ARRIVAL OF A BRITISH OFFICER AT THEIR VILLAGE
A BRITISH OFFICER'S LIFE IN THE FASHODA DISTRICT



THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON OCTOBER 16: MR. O'DONNELL'S RUSH UPON THE PREMIER
"BEDLAM BROKEN LOOSE"
DRAWN BY SYDNEY F. HALL, M.V.O.



ADMIRAL SIR J. E. ERSKINE
Promoted to be Admiral of the Fleet

Paris Dottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

I IMAGINE that if the Boers are sound business men they will give up their projected tour in France. Their visit last week, I learn on good authority, "panned out" at rather less than 10,000 francs, or under 400*l.* As their railway, hotel, and other expenses must have cost more than this, as a commercial transaction the visit cannot be described as a brilliant success. It is true that the sum of 75,000 francs, or 3,000*l.*, was presented to them, but this represents the result of a subscription known as the *Sou de Boers*, made during the last two years. This sum has been lying for six months past, and could just as easily have been sent to the Generals by cheque. Their presence did not add sixpence to it. The amount subscribed in the course of last week, as the direct result of their visit, is, as I have said, about 400*l.*

Some of the circumstances under which this money was subscribed was absolutely comic. In one instance a deputation of a dozen students from the Quartier Latin, headed by the President of the Students' Association, came to the Hotel de Hollande, bombarded the Generals with speeches, and solemnly presented them with 100 francs, or 4*l.* English money. As there are 3,000 students in Paris, this represents something less than a halfpenny a head. The Generals have just given their French friends a proof of Boer "slimness," and showed that they are gradually learning their business as diplomatists in as far as being "all things to all men" is concerned. In Paris General De Wet declared that if the Boers resisted as long as they did it was due to the French blood flowing in their veins. It came as rather a cold douche to our French friends to read that when in Berlin the Boer chief attributed his tenacity in his resistance to the fact that he had a German mother. When they are in Holland I presume it is to their Dutch blood that they owe their fighting powers. It is to be hoped the Generals will not visit Italy or Russia, as they will be puzzled to find the necessary compliment to their hosts.

According to the French papers the first thing that struck De Wet on arriving at the Gare du Nord was the magnificent horses of the Republican Guards which formed the escort. He is said



This photograph (taken by W. A. Parker) shows the Boer General on board the liner *Saxon* on his way to this country. A lady passenger is scrutinising his hand and telling his fortune

GENERAL JOUBERT HAVING HIS FORTUNE TOLD



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE EARL OF CLANWILLIAM
Who has been placed on the retired list

to have remarked that they were very much better mounted than the English cavalry. No one, however, seemed to have informed him that he was not looking at a body of soldiers but at a police force, specially recruited and magnificently mounted. The Republican Guard is recruited from the pick of the non-commissioned officers of the cavalry of the line, and every man owns his whole equipment, from his boots to his helmet, including horse and saddlery. A private of the Guard must dispose of about 150*l.* before he can join the mounted branch of that *corps d'élite* as a private soldier. The horses cost from 50*l.* to 60*l.* each, and are splendid animals, the pick of the Remount Department. Under the circumstances it is not to be wondered that General De Wet admired their mounts and considered them superior to the English cavalry.

The begging tour of the Boer Generals is not exciting unmixed admiration throughout the world. A proof of this is seen in a letter published in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* a few days ago. It runs as follows:—

"Sir,—When I read the appeal of the Boer Generals to the charity of the world, I am proud of being an American, remembering as I do the conduct of our Southern States under similar circumstances.

"Imagine General Lee and his brother generals, after the fate of the Southern Confederacy, putting their names to a begging petition to be handed round Europe! and with even more reason might they have done so. Compare the condition of the Transvaal after two years of war, the horrors of which have been mitigated in so many ways by modern discoveries in surgery, sanitation, improved transport and in a hundred other ways, with that of the Southern States after four years of the most bloody and horrible war of modern times. Compare the unconditional surrender of Appomattox with the extremely generous terms of peace granted to the Boers; compare the condition of the defeated Southerners with that of the Boers. That army, composed of the flower of the Southern gentlemen, brought up in the luxury, ease and indolence of a slave-holding race, half-starved, in rags, decimated with disease, for four long years had fought as bravely for a cause they held as dear.

"Did those men, when they laid down their arms at Appomattox and started life again, penniless, homeless, ruined, send the hat round the world, begging alms from Europe? No, thank God! We Americans suffered in silence, and worked out our own salvation—unaided.

"AN AMERICAN WHO REMEMBERS."

"Lausanne, Oct. 10."

The game of chess seems to be decidedly becoming the fashion in Paris, a tournament won by M. Janowski only finished last week, and a second began on Monday last at the Café de la Régence, the headquarters of chess in Paris. Among those taking part in it are M. Janowski, M. Taubenhuis, M. Allin, M. de Scheve, and M. Silber. Chess has even been known to be a means of success in life in France. Twenty years ago M. Clerc, a judge in the town of Besançon had the reputation of being a first-class player. As his reputation, as a judge was not, however, correspondingly high, there seemed every prospect that he would live and die in that town of watchmakers. One day, however, M. Grévy, the President of the Republic, heard of his prowess, and as he himself was an enthusiastic player, he did not rest till he got the Minister of Justice to appoint M. Clerc Conseiller de la Cour at Paris, a position twice as well paid as that at Besançon. This incident caused a witty French journalist to observe "*Il est bon de tout connaître dans la vie . . . même les échecs.*"



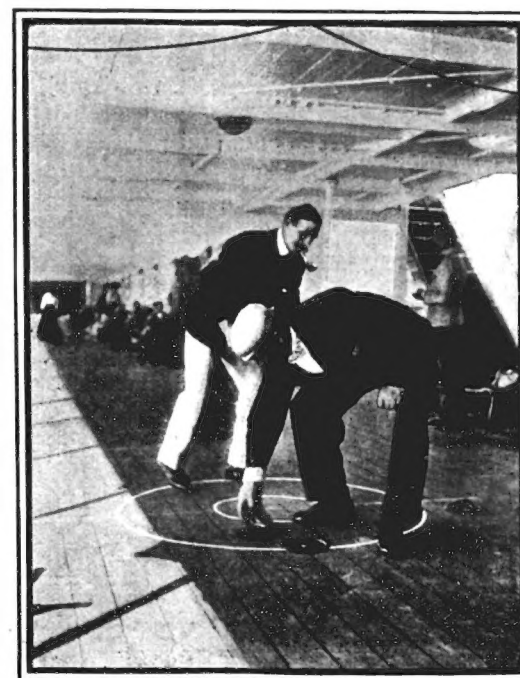
ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR
Appointed First and Principal Naval A.D.C. to the King

Three Famous Admirals

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE EARL OF CLANWILLIAM, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, has now been retired, after holding the active rank of Admiral of the Fleet for seven years. He came next in seniority in the sea service after Sir Harry Keppel, and he had served no fewer than fifty-seven years. Born in 1832, he was lieutenant in the *Impérieuse* in the Baltic in 1854-5, and was severely wounded in the subsequent Chinese War, having his arm broken by a gong-lall at the capture of Canton. His services won for him promotion to commander and the C.B. He filled many important positions, and was a Lord of the Admiralty from March, 1874, until 1880, when he became Commander-in-Chief of the Flying Squadron. He afterwards went to West Indian waters, and from 1891 to June, 1894, acted as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

Sir James Elphinstone Erskine, K.C.B., who has been promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet in the vacancy caused by the retirement of the Earl of Clanwilliam, entered the Navy just half a century ago, and was for some months private secretary to Lord Northbrook on his assuming the duties of First Lord of the Admiralty. He then went to the Antipodes as commodore of the Australian Squadron. He returned home in 1884. For four years he was an A.D.C. to Queen Victoria. Subsequently he served as a Lord of the Admiralty, was then senior officer on the Irish coast, and later Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indies Squadron.

Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, who succeeds Sir James Erskine as His Majesty's First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp, served in the Russian War and in China. He was captain of the *Iris* in the Egyptian Campaign in 1882, and later, as a flag officer, was second in command of the Channel Squadron, superintendent of Naval Reserves, and Commander-in-Chief of the China Squadron successively. His most distinguished service was rendered in the last capacity, when he showed great ability and daring. For his splendid work during the Chinese troubles of two years ago Sir Edward received the Grand Cross of the Bath; and he was recently given the Order of Merit established by the King. Our portrait of the Earl of Clanwilliam is by W. Gregory and Son, Strand; that of Sir E. H. Seymour, by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; and that of Sir J. E. Erskine, by the Notman Studio, Halifax.



General Kritzing, who has arrived in this country, seems to have enjoyed the voyage. Our illustration shows him playing deck quoits with Colonel Long on board the liner *Saxon*. Our photograph is by W. A. Parker

GENERAL KRITZINGER PLAYING QUOITS

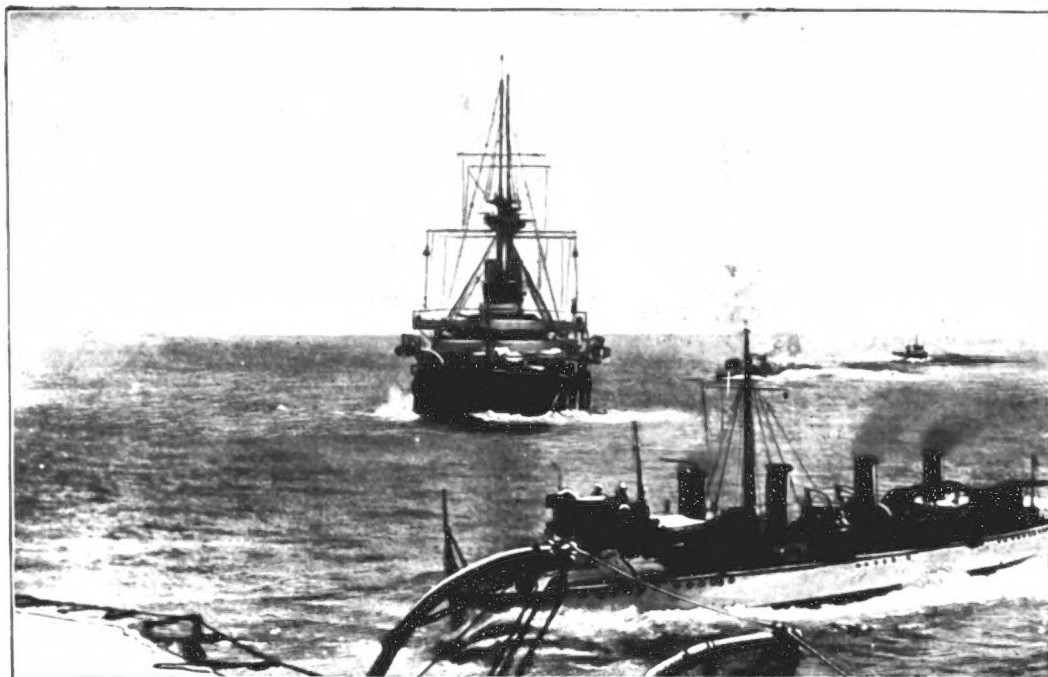
Sport on the White Nile

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

BORDERING the White Nile, some 300 miles south of Khartoum, and extending some 200 miles further south to near Fashoda, is as fine a big game country as is to be found in Africa. The following species abound on either bank of the river: elephant, giraffe, buffalo, lion, leopard, cheetah, sewal, roan antelope, waterbuck, tora hartebeest, bastard hartebeest, white-eared kob, reedbuck, gazelle, ostrich, hippopotamus, warthog, etc. The pursuit of game in this district, as also in the rest of the Soudan, is closely restricted by the Soudan Game Laws, which are everywhere rigidly enforced. The killing of elephant and buffalo with large bore rifles, though, doubtless, exciting sport, does not compare with the method practised by the Selim Baggara Arabs, who hunt them on horse-back armed only with their broad-headed spears. In this sport the white man is practically precluded from taking an active part, owing to the nature of the bush and cotton soil. Their plan is as follows: Parties of from four to ten men, riding about nine to ten stone, mounted on thirteen-hand Abyssinian ponies, price 30 to 40 sheep (*i.e.*, 3*l.* to 4*l.*, for the price of sheep here averages about 2*s.*), accompanied by their women and donkeys, encamp near some spot known to be the drinking-place of the elephants. These, however, only drink about every third night, and pass the interim some twenty miles or more in dense and waterless jungle. The hunters having settled their camp on the river, leave their women in charge and themselves sleep the night some eight or ten miles inland and to leeward of the numerous elephant tracks leading to the river.

If in luck, they will probably hear the herd trumpeting during the night, and in any case, at the first streak of dawn, every man will be in the saddle, and they at once proceed to draw up wind for fresh spoor. It may be here remarked their toilet is not extensive, their hunting kit being little more than Nature gave them, as practically all clothes are dispensed with in order to facilitate passage through the holding "wait-a-bit" or "kitr" bush. Occasionally the elephants are met returning leisurely from their libations, which simplifies matters considerably, but more often they have compassed the ten miles from the river, and by dawn are well on their way to their home in the thickest bush, as a rule at least twenty miles from the river.

If the latter be the case, on hitting off the spoor the Arabs at once dash off with wild hoorooshes in headlong pursuit along the plainly visible track, and continue at top speed, with here and there a momentary check, regardless of all obstacles such as fallen trees, branches, deep-baked elephant tracks, bulfinches of "wait-a-bit" bush, and the worst of cotton soil, until they come up to the herd or "mark them to ground," after perhaps a ten-mile point in the impenetrable kitr bush, which serves as a sanctuary for them. On nearing the elephants, the cows often turn and challenge their pursuers before being actually molested; however, in any case a battle royal is shortly begun. The Arabs, one by one, thrusting dexterously with their keen broad-bladed spears at the hind quarters of the selected elephant, are each in turn pursued, but only to return and renew the attack afresh. Eventually the mighty pachyderm subsides, weak from the loss of blood from many a wound, and is then at the mercy of his wildly vociferating assailants. Now and again a fall at a critical moment leaves an Arab an easy victim to the infuriated beast; but so nimble are these hard and wiry men, that fatal or even serious accidents



TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS ATTACKING A BATTLESHIP IN THE ATLANTIC MANŒUVRES

AT CLOSE QUARTERS

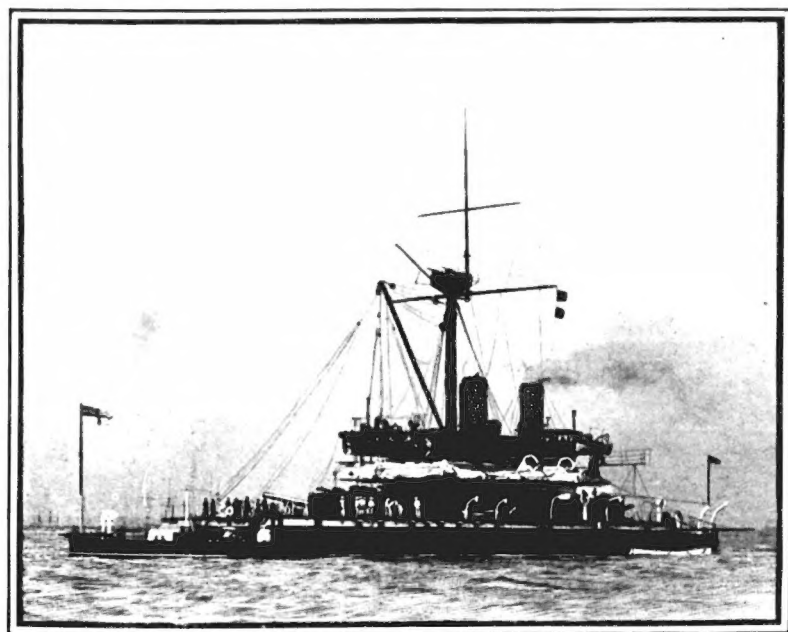
From a Photograph by S. Cribb, Southsea

are rare. On the fall of the elephant messengers are at once despatched to the camp on the Nile, now, perhaps, twenty miles distant, to inform the ladies, who hastily collect all available donkeys and waterskins, and forthwith set out for the scene of the kill to bring home the meat and the much-prized hide and ivory. The ponies meanwhile have probably been without water since the previous afternoon, and will now have a long jog back to the river, which they may possibly reach about 2 p.m., by which time the temperature will be nearer 110 deg. than 100 deg. in the shade. Buffalo-sticking is carried out on similar lines, but is less severe on the ponies, as they seldom travel more than four to five miles from the river. Giraffe also afford the Arabs excellent and less dangerous sport, and their hide makes the best of sandals and shields. Such was the training ground of the devoted cavalry of the Khalifa, who charged with such magnificent and reckless bravery up the glacis to the muzzles of the magazine rifles and machine guns in the British zeriba at Omdurman. Now all is forgiven and forgotten, and a British officer is a welcome and honoured guest amongst them, and is treated with the utmost courtesy and hospitality.

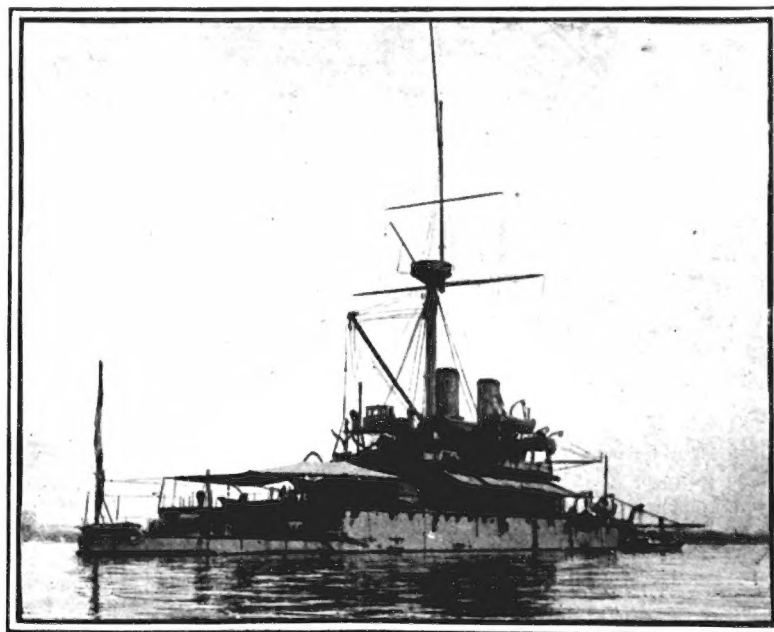
The Colour of Warships

THE Admiralty order has gone forth that for the future all ships are to be painted of a grey colour, and that the hulls, funnels, masts and boats are to be of the same shade. Lest there should be any

room left for the indulgence of the captains' or executive officers' individual idiosyncrasies in the matter of tint, the method of producing the required shade has been carefully prescribed. The mixture to be applied is to be obtained by the commingling of eleven ounces of white paint to every six of black. It does not sound a very inviting colour, and from an artistic standpoint it will compare badly with the black hulls and yellow funnels to which we are accustomed in home waters. But there will be no fancy stripe. The change can hardly be called unexpected, but experiments as to invisibility—perhaps it would be more correct to call it undefinedness of outline—have been carried on periodically for years. We have been told that we were to imitate the colour of the wind—whatever that may be—of the sea, of the sky; and the majority of foreign naval Powers have adopted some shade of grey, and probably the Admiralty has adopted a wise course. Certainly it has done so if the new colour is to be carried some distance below the water line, for even at a time when the sea is apparently most calm there is always a certain slipaway from a ship in motion which exposes a portion of the hull intended to be covered, and if this is coated with a brightly coloured paint or composition it affords a splendid target. At the same time it must not be forgotten that recent experiments in the Mediterranean showed that under the glare of the searchlight grey was far more easily distinguishable than was black. Our photographs are by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



H.M.S. "DEVASTATION" IN THE OLD STYLE (BLACK AND WHITE)



H.M.S. "DEVASTATION," THE FIRST SHIP PAINTED IN THE NEW STYLE (GREY)

THE NEW COLOUR FOR WARSHIPS

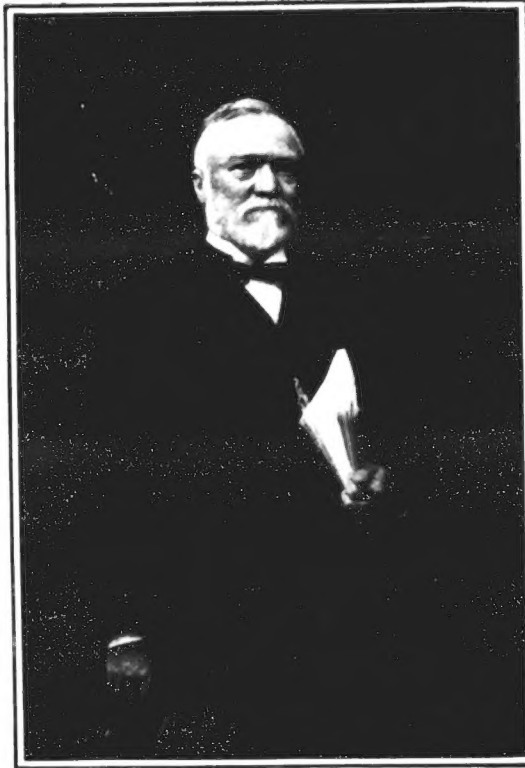
An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THE introduction of the "panel-system" lends an attraction to the "Sketch" exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in water-colours, which is welcome as a refreshing innovation. By this arrangement, whereby each painter groups all his contributions together, the exhibition is properly classified and the whole is simplified. There is a kind of logic about the result, and as we look at each contribution we "know the worst," and the best, as it were. It is true that some members send a prodigious number of sketches, and it is not less true that the exhibition resolves itself into an aggregation of "one-man shows." So much the better; the collection is more easily seen, and much more thoroughly to be enjoyed.

Some artists have more than others the knack of sketching; it is a talent by itself. But in all cases the visit behind the scenes is a pleasure, because with artists who can draw at all, the beginnings are always charming. Mr. Aumonier is not so masterly, but he is delightfully fresh; Mr. Nisbet gives us the frankest studies of landscape; and Mr. Tom Browne cracks his joke and leaves it without having to touch it up—and shows himself in "A Funny Story" and "A Spanish Beggar" the natural successor to Fred Barnard. Mr. Gordon Browne is not less humorous, but more refined and more deliberate. The Venetian studies of Mr. Arthur Severn, the brilliant series of the impulsive Mr. Dudley Hardy, the excellent lighting and colour in some of Mr. John White's sea-shore sketches, the masterly study by Mr. E. J. Gregory called "Before the Sitting," and such sketches as those by Mr. Hayes, Mr. Haité, Mr. Frank Walton (how much better, these, than some "finished" drawings), Mr. Rheam, Mr. John Reid, Mr. Fulleylove, Mr. Evans—but one must stop, or the paragraph will degenerate into a mere catalogue extract. The Institute is not what it was; its character is changing with the new men coming in. But it would be unjust to say that in its process of development it had lost in strength.

"Who was H. P.?" writes an anonymous correspondent. "He was an early Dutch or German artist whom I am anxious to identify." The question is scarcely full enough, for several artists—painters and engravers—have exhibited under this signature. There is Heinrich Pot—whom Heller identified with Heinrich Pottgieser, or Pottgieser, of Cologne, who flourished in 1641. There is Horace Paulyn, the admirable seventeenth century artist



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

Installed on Wednesday as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University
From a Photograph by W. Crooke, Edinburgh

who painted in the style of Rembrandt so well that his pictures would command the highest prices were it not that his subjects were such as, it has been expressed, would bring a blush to the face of the most hardened libertine. Then there is Heinrich Pottenhoven, the *genre* and portrait painter and mezzotinter, the pupil of Philip Vandyck. Again, H. P. are the initials of the engraver of a well-known plate by George Pencz (there is an impression of it in the British Museum); of the portrait and history painter of Nuremberg, H. Popp (1637—1682); and of a portrait painter, name

unknown, also of Nuremberg, who lived there a century before. This probably does not exhaust the list; but our correspondent may take his choice of these.

It is said that Mr. Pierpont Morgan's outlay for the year on pictures, prints, tapestry, objects of art, and the like, amounts to not less than a million sterling. This statement, which is probably not far off the mark, suggests one or two thoughts. In the first place, it may be the fact that it is only in order to save a tariff-charge of 600,000*l.* that Mr. Morgan keeps his treasures on this side of the Atlantic; in the second, there may be something (but probably not) in the rumour that he intends to follow the example of Mr. Astor later on, and so prefers to save his treasures an unnecessary journey of some risk. If Mr. Herbert Spencer's recent prophecy as to the immediate future of the United States is to be taken as truth, more foolish things might be done than to follow Mr. Astor's lead.

The exquisite charm of gold-point and silver-point drawings is hardly appreciated in this country; or, if appreciated, the sentiment is more or less platonic. People think that gold-point will fade, and silver oxidise. The drawings left behind them by the great masters do not justify the mistrust of the public. But as with pastel and with tempera, the majority of people prefer to believe in their foolish prejudices than to accept the evidence before their eyes. People will shortly have the opportunity of judging how charming are the drawings executed with these metal points, as Mr. Alfred Fahey is about to hold an exhibition, in which will be included a series of gold and silver points which are miracles of finish and of delicacy of touch. They have all the "softness" which the public usually identifies with excellence; yet they are executed in a true artist's method, for this style of drawing admits of no correction, no rubbing out. A line or a dot once put down remains for ever.

Miniature-painting has not produced the masters who were looked for, almost expected, from the recent revival. The reason, perhaps, is that the public, with unfailing instinct, have usually gone to the less competent practitioners, attracted by the very qualities which are not those which prove the master. One of the few exceptions is Mr. Alyn Williams, who is holding an exhibition in the Doré Gallery. There is, perhaps, more true artistry in his work than in that of others; certainly there is nothing of the smooth, smug, photographic quality which delights the ignorant and prevents the rise of the art to its normal level. For that there might be a level established is, I think, undoubted, if buyers would exercise intelligence instead of indulging their want of taste.

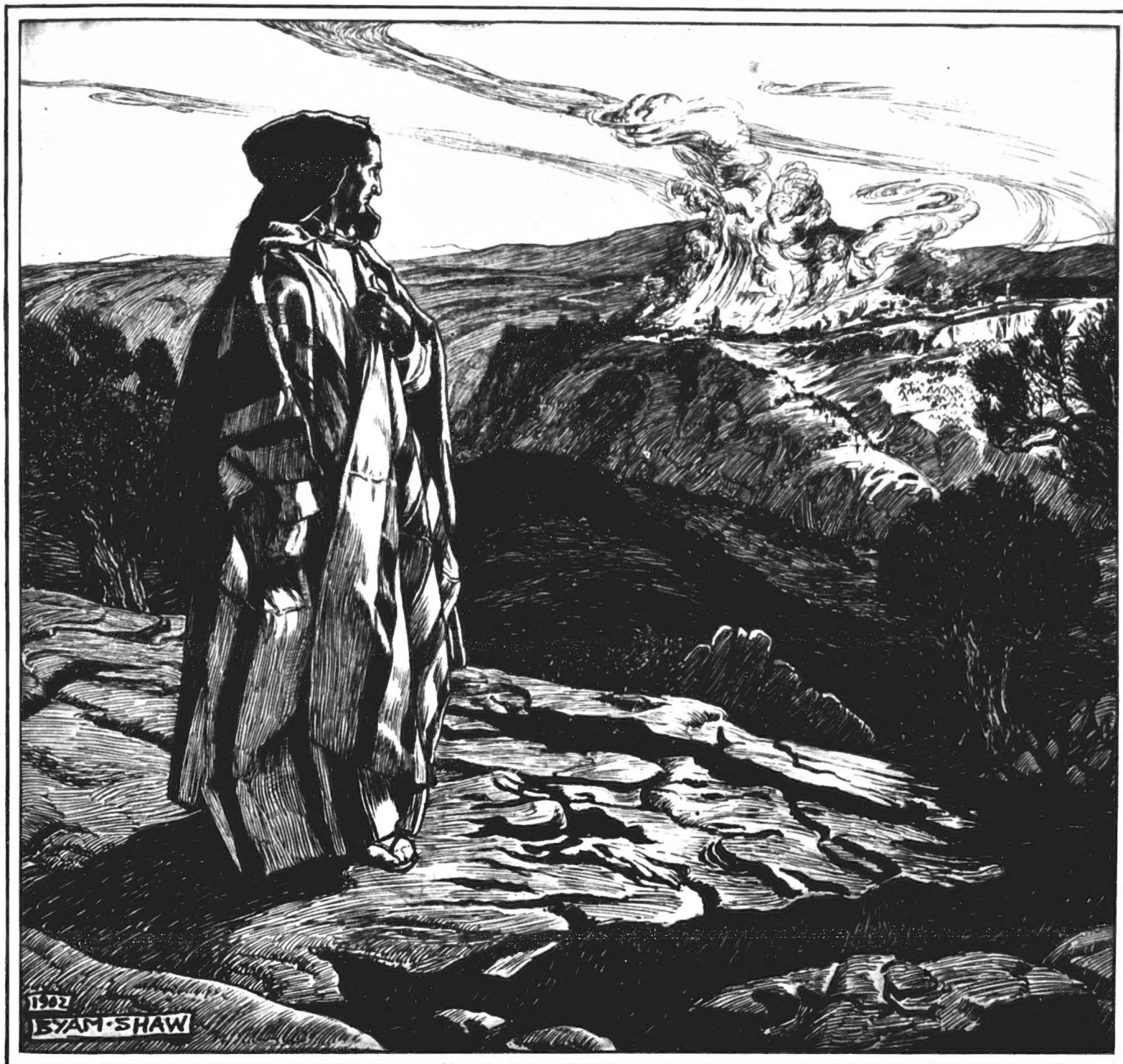


A pilgrimage by the Daughters of Mary was originated the other day by the Countess Mazé de la Roche, of Turin, and the members of it were received in state by the Pope in the Sistine Chapel. The pilgrims, who numbered about a thousand, greeted the Pope on his arrival, in his sedia gestatoria, with enthusiasm. The Countess de la Roche read an address of homage, and at the same time offered His

Holiness an album containing thousands of signatures of Daughters of Mary, obtained from all parts of the world. The Pope replied in affectionate terms, gave them the Apostolic blessing, and afterwards the pilgrims each in turn kissed His Holiness's hand.

GIRL PILGRIMS AT ROME: A RECEPTION BY THE POPE

FROM A SKETCH BY A. BIANCHINI



"Now everywhere above such portions of the beleaguered city as remained standing, shot up tall spires and wreaths of flame. Titus had forced the walls, and thousands upon thousands of Jews were perishing beneath the swords of his soldiers or in the fires of their burning homes"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XX.

THE MERCHANT DEMETRIUS

WHEN on that fateful night in the Old Tower Miriam sprang forward to strike the lantern from the hand of the Jew, Nehushta, who was bending over the fallen Marcus and dragging at his body, did not even see that she had left the door.

With an effort, the slope of the rocky passage beyond favouring her, she half-drew, half-lifted the Roman through the entrance. Then it was, as she straightened herself a little to take breath, that she heard the thud of the rock door closing behind her. Still, as it was dark, she did not guess that Miriam was parted from them, for she said:

"Ah! what troubles do not these men lead us poor women into. Well, just in time, and I think that none of them saw us."

There was no answer. Sound could not pierce that wall and the place was silent as a tomb.

"Lady! In the Name of Christ, where are you, lady?" asked Nehushta in a piercing whisper, and the echoes of the gallery answered—"Where are you, lady?"

Just then Marcus awoke.

"What has chanced? What place is this, Miriam?" he asked.

[Copyright, 1902, by H. RIDER HAGGARD, in the United States of America]

"This has chanced," answered Nehushta in the same awful voice. "We are in the passage leading to the vaults; Miriam is in the hands of the Jews in the Old Tower, and the door is shut between us. Accursed Roman! to save your life she has sacrificed herself. Without doubt she sprang from the door to dash the lantern from the hand of the Jew, and before she could return again it had swung home. Now they will crucify her because she rescued you—a Roman."

"Don't talk, woman," broke in Marcus savagely, "open the door. I am still a man, I can still fight, or," he added with a groan, remembering that he had no sword, "at the least I can die for her."

"I cannot," gasped Nehushta. "She had the iron that lifts the secret latch. If you had kept your sword, Roman, it might perhaps have served, but that has gone also."

"Break it down," said Marcus. "Come, I will help."

"Yes, yes, Roman, you will help to break down three feet of solid stone."

Then began that hideous scene whereof something has been said. Nehushta strove to reach the latch with her fingers. Marcus, standing upon one foot, strove to shake the stone with his shoulder, the black, silent stone that never so much as stirred. Yet they worked madly, their breath coming in great gasps, knowing that the work was in vain, and that even if they could open the door, by now it

would be to find Miriam gone, or at the best to be taken themselves. Suddenly Marcus ceased from his labour.

"Lost!" he moaned, "and for my sake. O ye gods! for my sake." Then down he fell, his harness clattering on the rocky step, and lay there, muttering and laughing foolishly.

Nehushta ceased also, gasping: "The Lord help you, Miriam, for I cannot. Oh! after all these years to lose you thus, and because of that man!" and she glared through the darkness towards the fallen Marcus, thinking in her heart that she would kill him.

"Nay," she said to herself, "she loved him, and did she know it might pain her. Better kill myself; yes, and if I were sure that she is dead this, sin or no sin, I would do."

As she sat thus, helpless, hopeless, she saw a light coming up the stair towards them. It was borne by Ithiel, and Nehushta rose and faced him.

"Praise be to God! there you are at length," he said. "Thrice have I been up this stair wondering why Miriam did not come."

"Brother Ithiel," answered Nehushta, "Miriam will come no more; she has gone, leaving us in exchange this man Marcus, the Roman prefect of Horse."

"What do you mean? What do you mean?" he gasped. "Where is Miriam?"

"In the hands of the Jews," she answered. Then she told him all that story.

"There is nothing to be done," he moaned when she had finished. "To open the door now would be but to reveal the secret of our hiding place to the Jews or to the Romans, either of whom would put us to the sword, the Jews for food, the Romans because we are Jews. We can only leave her to God and protect ourselves."

"Had I my will," answered Nehushta, "I would leave myself to God and still strive to protect her. Yet you are right, seeing that many lives cannot be risked for the sake of one girl. But what of this man?"

"We will do our best for him," answered Ithiel, "for so she who sacrificed herself for his sake would have wished. Also years ago he was our guest and befriended us. Stay here a while and I will bring men to carry him to the vault."

So Ithiel went away to return with sundry of the brethren, who lifted Marcus and bore him down the stairs and passages to that darksome chamber where Miriam had slept, while other brethren shut the trap-door and loosened the roof of the passage, blocking it with stone so that without great labour none could pass that path for ever.

Here in this silent, sunless vault for many, many days Marcus lay sick with a brain fever, of which, had it not been for the skilful nursing of Nehushta and of the leeches among the Essenes, he must certainly have died. But these leeches, who were very clever, doctored the deep sword-cut in his head, removing with little iron hooks the fragments of bone which pressed upon his brain, and dressing that wound and another in his knee with salves.

Meanwhile, they learned by their spies that both the Temple and Mount Zion had fallen. Also they heard of the trial of Miriam and of her exposure on the Gate Nicanor, but of what happened to her afterwards they could gather nothing. So they mourned her as dead.

Now, their food being at length exhausted and the watch of the Romans having relaxed, they determined, those who were left of them, for some had died, and Ithiel himself was very ill, to attempt to escape from the hateful vaults that had sheltered them all these months. A question arose as to what was to be done with Marcus, now but a shadow of a man, who still wandered in his mind, but who had passed the worst of his sickness and seemed like to live. Some were for abandoning him; some for sending him back to the Romans; but Nehushta showed that it would be wise to keep him as a hostage, so that if they were attacked they might produce him, and in return for their care, perhaps buy their lives. In the end they agreed upon this course, not so much for what they might gain by it, but because they knew that it would have pleased the lost maid whom they called their Queen, who had perished to save this man.

So it came about that upon a certain night of rain and storm, when none were stirring, a number of men with faces white as lepers, of the hue, indeed, of roots that have pushed in the dark, might have been seen travelling down the cavern quarries, now tenanted only by the corpses of those who had perished there from starvation, and so through the hole beneath the wall into the free air. With them went litters bearing their sick, and among the sick, Ithiel and Marcus. None hindered their flight, for the Romans had deserted this part of the ruined city and were encamped around the towers in the neighbourhood of Mount Zion, where some few Jews still held out.

Thus it happened that by morning they were well on the road to Jericho, which, always a desert country, was now quite devoid of life. On they went, living on roots and such little food as still remained to them, to Jericho itself, where they found nothing but a ruin haunted by a few starving wretches. Thence they travelled to their own village, to discover that, for the most part, this also had been burnt. But certain caverns in the hillside behind, which they used as store-houses, remained, and undiscovered in them a secret stock of corn and wine that gave them food.

Here, then, they camped and set to work to sow the fields which no Romans or robbers had been able to destroy, and so lived hardly, but unmolested, till at length the first harvest came and with it plenty.

In this dry and wholesome air Marcus recovered rapidly, who by nature was very strong. When his wits returned to him he recognised Nehushta, and asked her what had chanced. She told him all she knew, and that she believed Miriam to be dead, tidings which caused him to fall into a deep melancholy. Meanwhile, the Essenes treated him with kindness, but let him understand that he was their prisoner. Nor if he had wished it, and they had given him leave to go, could he have left them at that time, seeing that the slightest of his hurts proved to be the worst, since the spear or sword-cut having penetrated to the joint and let out the oil, the wound in his knee would heal only by very slow degrees, and for many weeks left him so lame that he could not walk without a crutch. So here he sat by the banks of Jordan, mourning the past and well-nigh hopeless for the future.

Thus in solitude, tended by Nehushta, who now had grown very grim and old, and by the poor remnant of the Essenes, Marcus passed four or five miserable months. As he grew stronger he would limp down to the village where his hosts were engaged in rebuilding some of their dwellings, and sit in the garden of the house that once had been occupied by Miriam. Now it was but an overgrown place, yet among the pomegranate bushes still stood that shed which she had used as a workshop, and in it, lying here and there as they had fallen, some of her unfinished marbles, among them one of herself which she began and cast aside before she executed that bust which Nero had named divine and set him to guard in the temple at Rome. To Marcus it was a sad place, haunted by a thousand memories, yet he loved it because those memories were all of Miriam.

Titus, said rumour, having accomplished the utter destruction of Jerusalem, had moved his army to Caesarea or Berytus, where he passed the winter season in celebrating games in the amphitheatres. These he made splendid by the slaughter of vast numbers of Jewish prisoners, who were forced to fight against each other, or, after the cruel Roman fashion, exposed to the attacks of ravenous wild beasts. But he had no means of communicating with Titus. Had he found any indeed, to make use of them might have brought death upon the Essenes, who had treated him kindly and saved his life. Also among the Romans it was a disgrace for a soldier, and

especially for an officer of high rank, to be made prisoner, and he was loth to expose his own shame. As Gallus had told Miriam, no Roman should be taken alive. So Marcus attempted to do nothing, but waited, sick at heart, for whatever fate fortune might send him. Indeed, had he been quite sure that Miriam was dead, he, who was disgraced and a captive, would have slain himself and followed her.

When Samuel the Essene left Tyre, bearing the letter and the ring of Miriam, he journeyed to Jerusalem to find the Holy City but a heap of ruins, haunted by hyenas and birds of prey that feasted on the innumerable dead. Still, faithful to his trust, he strove to discover that entrance to the caverns of which Miriam had told him, and to this end hovered day by day upon the north side of the city near to the old Damascus Gate. The hole he could not find, for there were thousands of stones behind which jackals had burrowed, and how was he to know which of these openings led to caverns, nor were there any left to direct him. Still, Samuel searched and waited in the hope that one day an Essene might appear who would guide him to the hiding-place of the brethren. But no Essene appeared, for the good reason that they had fled already. In the end he was seized by a patrol of Roman soldiers who had observed him hovering about the place and questioned him very strictly as to his business. He replied that it was to gather herbs for food, whereon the officer said that they would find him food and with it some useful work. So they took him and pressed him into a gang of captives who were engaged in pulling down the walls, that Jerusalem might nevermore become a fortified city. In this gang he was forced to labour for over four months, receiving only his daily bread in payment and with it many blows and hard words, until at last he found an opportunity to make his escape.

Now among his fellow slaves was a man whose brother belonged to the Order of the Essenes, and from him he learned that they had gone back to Jordan. So thither Samuel started, having Miriam's ring still hidden safely about his person. Reaching the place without further accident he declared himself to the Essenes, who received him with joy, which was not to be wondered at, since he was able to tell them that Miriam, whom they named their queen and believed to be dead, was still alive. He asked them if they had a Roman prisoner called Marcus hidden away among them, and when they answered that this was so, said that he had a message from Miriam which he was charged to deliver to him. Then they led him to the garden where her workshop had been, telling him that there he would find the Roman.

Marcus was seated in the garden basking in the sunshine, and with him Nehushta. They were talking of Miriam—indeed, they spoke of little else.

"Alas! she must be dead," Marcus was saying. "It is not possible that she could have lived through that night of the burning of the Temple."

"It does not seem possible," answered Nehushta, "yet I believe that she did live. I do not think it is fated that any Christian should perish in that war, since it was prophesied otherwise."

"Prove it to me, woman, and I should be inclined to become a Christian, but of prophecies and such vague talk I am weary."

"You will become a Christian when your heart is touched and not before," answered Nehushta sharply. "That light is from within."

As she spoke the bushes parted and they saw the Essene Samuel standing in front of them.

"Whom do you seek, man?" asked Nehushta, who did not know him.

"I seek the noble Roman, Marcus," he answered, "for whom I have a message. Is that he?"

"I am he," said Marcus, "and now, who sent you and what is your message?"

"She, who is called the Queen of the Essenes, and whose name is Miriam, sent me," replied the man.

Now both of them sprang to their feet.

"What token do you bear?" asked Marcus in a slow, strained voice, "for know, we thought that lady dead."

"This," he answered, and drawing the ring from his robe he handed it to him, adding, "Do you acknowledge the token?"

"I acknowledge it. There is no such other ring. Have you aught else?"

"I had a letter, but it is lost. The Roman soldiers robbed me of my robe in which it was sewn, and I never saw it more. But the ring I saved by hiding it in my mouth while they searched me."

Marcus groaned, but Nehushta said quickly:

"Did she give you no message? Tell us your story and be swift."

So he told them all.

"How long was this ago?" asked Nehushta.

"Nearly five months. For a hundred and twenty days I was kept as a slave at Jerusalem labouring at the levelling of the walls."

"Five months," said Marcus. "Tell me, do you know whether Titus has sailed?"

"I heard that he had departed from Alexandria on his road to Rome."

"Miriam will walk in his Triumph, and afterwards be sold as a slave! Woman, there is no time to lose," said Marcus.

"None," answered Nehushta; "still there is time to thank this faithful messenger."

"Ay," said Marcus. "Man, what reward do you seek? Whatever it be it shall be paid to you who have endured so much. Yes, it shall be paid, though here and now I have no money."

"I seek no reward," replied the Essene, "who have but fulfilled my promise and done my duty."

"Yet Heaven shall reward you," said Nehushta. "And now let us hence to Ithiel."

Back they went to the caves that were occupied by the Essenes during the rebuilding of their houses. In a little cavern that was open to the air lay Ithiel. The old man was on his deathbed, for age, hardship, and anxiety had done their work with him, so that now he was unable to stand, but reclined upon a pallet awaiting his release. To him they told their story.

"God is merciful," he said, when he had heard it. "I feared that

she must be dead, for in the presence of so much desolation, my faith grows weak."

"It may be so," answered Marcus, "but your merciful God will allow this maiden to be set up in the Forum at Rome and sold to the highest bidder. It would have been better that she perished on the Gate Nicanor."

"Perhaps this same God," answered Ithiel, with a faint smile, "will deliver her from that fate, as He has delivered her from many others. Now what do you seek, my lord Marcus?"

"I seek my liberty, Ithiel. I must travel to Rome as fast as ships and horses can carry me. I desire to be present at that auction of the captives. At least, I am rich and can purchase Miriam—unless I am too late."

"Purchase her to be your slave?"

"Nay, to be my wife."

"She will not marry you: you are not a Christian."

"Then, if she asks it, to set her free. Man, would it not be better that she should fall into my hands than into those of the first passer-by who chances to take a fancy to her face?"

"Yes, I think it is better," answered Ithiel, "though who am I that I should judge. Let the Court be summoned and at once. This matter must be laid before them."

So the Court was called together, not the full hundred that used to sit in the great hall, but a bare score of the survivors of the Essenes, and to them the brother Samuel related his tale. To them also Marcus made his petition for freedom, that he might journey to Rome with Nehushta, and if it were possible, deliver Miriam from her bonds. Now some of the more timid of the Essenes spoke against the release of so valuable a hostage upon the chance of his being able to aid Miriam, but Ithiel cried from his litter:

"What! Would you allow our own advantage to prevail against the hope that this maiden, who is loved by everyone of us, may be saved? Shame upon the thought! Let the Roman go upon this errand since we cannot."

So in the end they agreed to let him go, and, as he had none, even provided money for his faring out of their scanty, secret store, trusting that he might find opportunity to repay it in time to come.

That night Marcus and Nehushta bade farewell to Ithiel.

"I am dying," said the old Essene. "Before ever you can set foot in Rome the breath will be out of my body and beneath the desert sand I shall lie at peace—who desire peace. Yet, say to Miriam, my niece, that my spirit will watch over her spirit, awaiting its coming in a land where there are no more wars and tribulations, and that, meanwhile, I who love her bid her to be of good cheer and to fear nothing."

So they parted from Ithiel and travelled upon horses to Joppa, Marcus disguising his name and rank lest some officer among the Romans should detain him. Here by good fortune they found a ship sailing for Alexandria, and in the port of Alexandria a merchant vessel bound for Rhigium, in which they took passage, none asking them who they might be.

Upon the night of the burning of the Temple Caleb, escaping the slaughter, was driven with Simon the Zealot across the bridge into the Upper City, which bridge they broke down behind them. Once he tried to return, in the mad hope that during the confusion he might reach the Gate Nicanor and, if she still lived, rescue Miriam. But already the Romans held the head of the bridge, and already the Jews were hacking at its timbers, so in that endeavour he failed and in his heart made sure that Miriam had perished. So bitterly did Caleb mourn, who, fierce and wayward as he was by nature, still loved her more than all the world besides, that for six days or more he sought death in every desperate adventure which came to his hand, and they were many. But death fled him, and on the seventh day he had tidings.

A man who was hidden among the ruins of the cloisters managed to escape to the Upper City. From him Caleb learned that a woman, who was said to have been found upon the roof of the Gate Nicanor, had been brought before Titus, who gave her over into the charge of a Roman captain, by whom she had been taken without the walls. He knew no more. The story was slight enough, yet it sufficed for Caleb, who was certain that this woman must be Miriam. From that moment he determined to abandon the cause of the Jews, which indeed was now hopeless, and to seek out Miriam, wherever she might be. Yet, search as he would, another fifteen days went by before he could find his opportunity.

At length Caleb was placed in charge of a watch upon the wall, and, the other members of his company falling asleep from faintness and fatigue, contrived in the dark to let himself down by a rope which he had secreted, dropping from the end of it into the ditch. In this ditch he found many dead bodies, and from one of them, that of a peasant who had died but recently, took the clothes and a long winter cloak of sheepskins, which he exchanged for his own garments. Then, keeping only his sword, which he hid beneath the cloak, he passed the Roman pickets in the gloom and fled into the country. When daylight came Caleb cut off his beard and trimmed his long hair short. After this, meeting a countryman with a load of vegetables which he had licence to sell in the Roman camp, he bought his store from him for a piece of gold, for he was well furnished with money, promising the simple man that if he said a word of it he would find him out and kill him. Then counterfeiting the speech and actions of a peasant, which he, who had been brought up among them down by the banks of the Jordan, well could do, Caleb marched boldly to the nearest Roman camp and offered his wares for sale.

Now this camp was situated outside the Gate of Gennat, not far from the Tower Hippicus. Therefore, it is not strange that although in the course of his bargaining he made diligent inquiry as to the fate of the girl who had been taken on the Gate Nicanor, Caleb could hear nothing of her, seeing that she was in a camp situated on the Mount of Olives upon the other side of Jerusalem. Baffled for that day, Caleb continued his inquiries on the next, taking a fresh supply of vegetables, which he purchased from the same peasant, to another body of soldiers camping in the Valley of Hinnon. So he went on from day to day searching the troops which surrounded the city, and working from the Valley of Hinnon northwards along the

Valley of the Kedron, till on the tenth day he came to a little hospital camp pitched on the slope of the hill opposite to the ruin which once had been the Golden Gate. Here, while proffering his vegetables, he fell into talk with the cook who was sent to chaffer with him.

"Ah!" said the cook handling the basket with satisfaction, "it is a pity, friend, that you did not bring this stuff here a while ago when we wanted it sorely and found it hard to come by in this barren, sword-wasted land."

"Why?" asked Caleb carelessly.

"Oh! because of a prisoner we had here, a girl whose sufferings had made her sick in mind and body, and whose appetite I never knew how to tempt, for she turned from meat and ever asked for fish, of which, of course, we had none, or failing that, for green food and fruits."

"What was her name and story?" asked Caleb.

"As for her name I know it not. We called her Pearl-Maiden because of a collar of pearls she wore and because also she was white and beautiful as a pearl. Oh! beautiful indeed, and so gentle and sweet, even in her sickness, that the roughest brute of a legionary with a broken head could not choose but love her. Much more, then, that old bear Gallus, who watched her as though she were his own cub."

"Indeed? And where is this beautiful lady now? I should like to sell her something."

"Gone, gone, and left us all mourning."

"Not dead?" said Caleb in a new voice of eager dismay. "Oh! not dead?"

The fat cook looked at him calmly.

"You take a strange interest in our Pearl-Maiden, Cabbage-seller," he said. "And, now that I come to think of it, you are a strange looking man for a peasant."

With an effort Caleb recovered his self-command.

"Once I was better off than I am now, friend," he answered. "As you know, in this country the wheel of fortune has turned rather quick of late."

"Yes, yes, and left many crushed flat behind it."

"The reason why I am interested," went on Caleb, taking no heed, "is that I may have lost a fine market for my goods."

"Well, and so you have, friend. Some days ago the Pearl-Maiden departed to Tyre in charge of the captain, Gallus, on her way to Rome. Perhaps you would wish to follow and sell her your onions there."

"Perhaps I should," answered Caleb. "When you Romans have gone this seems likely to become a bad country for gardeners, since owls and jackals do not buy fruit, and you will leave no other living thing behind you."

"True," answered the cook. "Cæsar knows how to handle a broom and he has made a very clean sweep," and he pointed complacently to the heaped-up ruins of the Temple before them. "But how much for the whole basket full?"

"Take them, friend," said Caleb, "and sell them to your mess for the best price that you can get. You need not mention that you paid nothing."

"Oh, no, I won't mention it. Good morning, Mr. Cabbagegrower, good morning."

Then he stood still watching as Caleb vanished quickly among the great boles of the olive trees. "What can stir a Jew so much," he reflected to himself, "as to make him give something for nothing, and especially to a Roman? Perhaps he is Pearl-Maiden's brother. No, that can't be from his eyes—her lover more likely. Well, it is no affair of mine, and though he never grew them, the vegetables are good and fresh."

That evening when Caleb, still disguised as a peasant, was travelling through the growing twilight across the hills that bordered the road to Tyre, he heard a mighty wailing rise from Jerusalem and knew that it was the death-cry of his people. Now everywhere above such portions of the beleaguered city as remained standing, shot up tall spires and wreaths of flame. Titus had forced the walls, and thousands upon thousands of Jews were perishing beneath the swords of his soldiers, or in the fires of their burning homes. Still some ninety thousand were left alive, to be driven like cattle into the Court of Women. Here more than ten thousand died of starvation, while some were set aside to grace the Triumph, some to be slaughtered in the amphitheatres at Cæsarea and Berytus, but the most were transported to Egypt, there, until they died, to labour in the desert mines. Thus was the last desolation accomplished and the prophecy fulfilled: "And the Lord shall bring thee into Egypt again with ships . . . and there ye shall sell yourselves unto your enemies for bondmen and for bondwomen, and no man shall buy you." Thus did "Ephraim return to Egypt," whence he came forth to sojourn in the Promised Land until the cup of his sin was full. Now once more that land was a desert without inhabitants; all its pleasant places were waste; all its fenced cities destroyed, and over their ruins and the bones of their children flew Cæsar's eagles. The war was ended, there was peace in Judæa. *Solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant!*

When Caleb reached Tyre, by the last light of the setting sun he saw a white-sailed galley beating her way out to sea. Entering the city, he inquired who went in the galley and was told Gallus, a Roman captain, in charge of a number of sick and wounded men, many of the treasures of the Temple, and a beautiful girl, who was said to be the grand-daughter of Benoni of that town.

Then knowing that he was too late, Caleb groaned in bitterness of spirit. Presently, however, he took thought. Now Caleb was wise in his generation, for at the beginning of this long war he had

sold all his land and houses for gold and jewels, which, to a very great value, he had left hidden in Tyre in the house of a man he trusted, an old servant of his father's. To this store he had added from time to time out of the proceeds of plunder, of trading, and of the ransom of a rich Roman knight who was his captive, so that now his wealth was great. Going to the man's house, Caleb claimed and picked this treasure in bales of Syrian carpets to resemble merchandise.

Then the peasant who had travelled into Tyre upon business about a mule, was seen no more, but in place of him appeared Demetrius, the Egyptian merchant, who bought largely, though always at night, of the merchandise of Tyre, and sailed with it by the first ship to Alexandria. Here this merchant bought much more goods, such as would find a ready sale in the Roman market, enough to fill the half of a galley indeed, which lay in the harbour near the Pharos lading for Syracuse and Rhegium.

At length the galley sailed, meaning to make Crete, but was caught by a winter storm and driven to Paphos in Cyprus, where, being afraid to attempt the seas again, let the merchant, Demetrius, do what he would to urge them forward, the captain and crew of the galley determined to winter. So they beached her in the harbour and went up to the great temple, rejoicing to pay their vows and offer gifts to Venus, who had delivered them from the fury of the seas, that they might swell the number of her votaries.

But although he accompanied them, since otherwise they might have suspected that he was a Jew, Demetrius, who sought another goddess, cursed Venus in his heart, knowing that had it not been for her delights the sailors would have risked the weather. Still, there was no help for it and no other ship by which he could sail,



A wedding of unusual interest has just taken place in Paris. The bridegroom was Mr. Charles Hsing Ling, second son of the Chinese Minister in Paris, and the bride was Mlle. Genevieve Denux, a French Lady. After the civil formalities had been carried out, the bride and bridegroom, who are both Roman Catholics, went to the church of St. Philippe du Roule for the religious ceremony. The Chinese Ambassador and a great number of the staff of the Embassy were present in gala costume. The bridegroom wore his robe of office as a "supernumerary Tao-Tai," which included a sky-blue dress, with red coral buttons. Our photograph is by Ch. Chusseau Flavien.

A FRANCO-CHINESE WEDDING IN PARIS

so here he abode for more than three months, spending his time in trading among the rich natives in Cyprus, out of whom he made a large profit, and adding wine and copper from Tamasus to his other merchandise, as much as there was room for on the ship.

In the end after the great spring festival, for the captain said that it would not be fortunate to leave until this had been celebrated, they set sail and came by way of Rhodes to the Island of Crete, and thence touching at Cythera to Syracuse in Sicily, and so at last to Rhegium. Here the merchant Demetrius transhipped his goods into a vessel that was sailing to the port of Centum Cellæ, and having reached that place hired transport to convey them to Rome, nearly forty miles away.

(To be continued)

Two foreign Sovereigns will be with us next month—the German Emperor and the King of Portugal, while the King of Italy is likely to come early next year. The Kaiser arrives in England on the 8th prox., landing from the *Hohenzollern* at Port Victoria, and going first to Shorncliffe Camp to inspect his regiment, the 1st Royal Dragoons, as their colonel-in-chief. His Majesty is not to see his men in gala dress, but wearing the well-worn khaki uniforms, in which they have done such good service, and he will then present them with their war medals.

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

MR. JOHN REDMOND, carrying the hat round the populous cities of the United States, will read with mixed feelings of the doings of his friends at Westminster. They are commendable and desirable from the point of view of drawing in the dollars. Personally, they are not wholly agreeable to the titular leader of the Irish Nationalist Party in the House of Commons. In spite of all temptation, Mr. Redmond is habitually subservient to Parliamentary instincts, born of long Parliamentary education. His father was a staid, respected member, who, if he were still alive, would look with amazement on the Parliamentary pranks of his younger son. Before he was privileged to take a seat on the floor of the House, Mr. Redmond served as salaried Clerk of Committees.

These things tell, even upon the Celtic temperament, lamented by Lord Hugh Cecil in the case of Welsh members. To do him justice it must be said Mr. Redmond never encouraged outbreaks of Donnybrook Fair spirit on the part of his docile following. On the contrary, he is known habitually to restrain outbreaks of disorder by individual members of his Party. On the night when Mr. Flavin and half a dozen other Irish members were carried out shoulder high by a posse of police, the Leader of the Party was peacefully slumbering in his bed, having retired at an early hour under the impression that matters were proceeding through placid ways to humdrum conclusion.

In his absence on eleemosynary mission to the United States Mr. W. O'Brien, emerging from welcome retirement, has taken the reins in hand. Swiftly the tactics of the Irish members are altered. They have deliberately and persistently entered upon a campaign of disorder, which even adds something new to the old game of obstruction. Mr. John O'Donnell's escapade on the opening night of the Autumn Session was, in its particular way, the worst thing ever done by an individual in defiance of the authority of the Chair and the rules that govern debate outside the Court Houses of Irish Boards of Guardians. Worse still is the new departure of nightly wrangle with the Speaker. Mr. O'Donnell could be promptly, and, for the time, effectually, dealt with by being suspended from the service of the House. Up to the present date no adequate means of repressing the truculent insolence of Irish members at Question time has been discovered.

The essential foundation of orderly debate, involving freedom of speech, in the House of Commons, is deference to the Chair. Up to the present Session, even in times of rampant obstruction, this usage has prevailed. No one present on that night in June in the early nineties, when passion evoked by the Home Rule Bill found issue in a free fight on the floor of the House, will forget the effect of the entrance of the Speaker on the scene. The House was in Committee when the storm suddenly burst. It raged uncontrolled till the Speaker stalked in in wig and gown and seated himself in the Chair. Instantly the storm was hushed, order reigned at Westminster, and the remainder of the sitting was almost somnolent in its respectability.

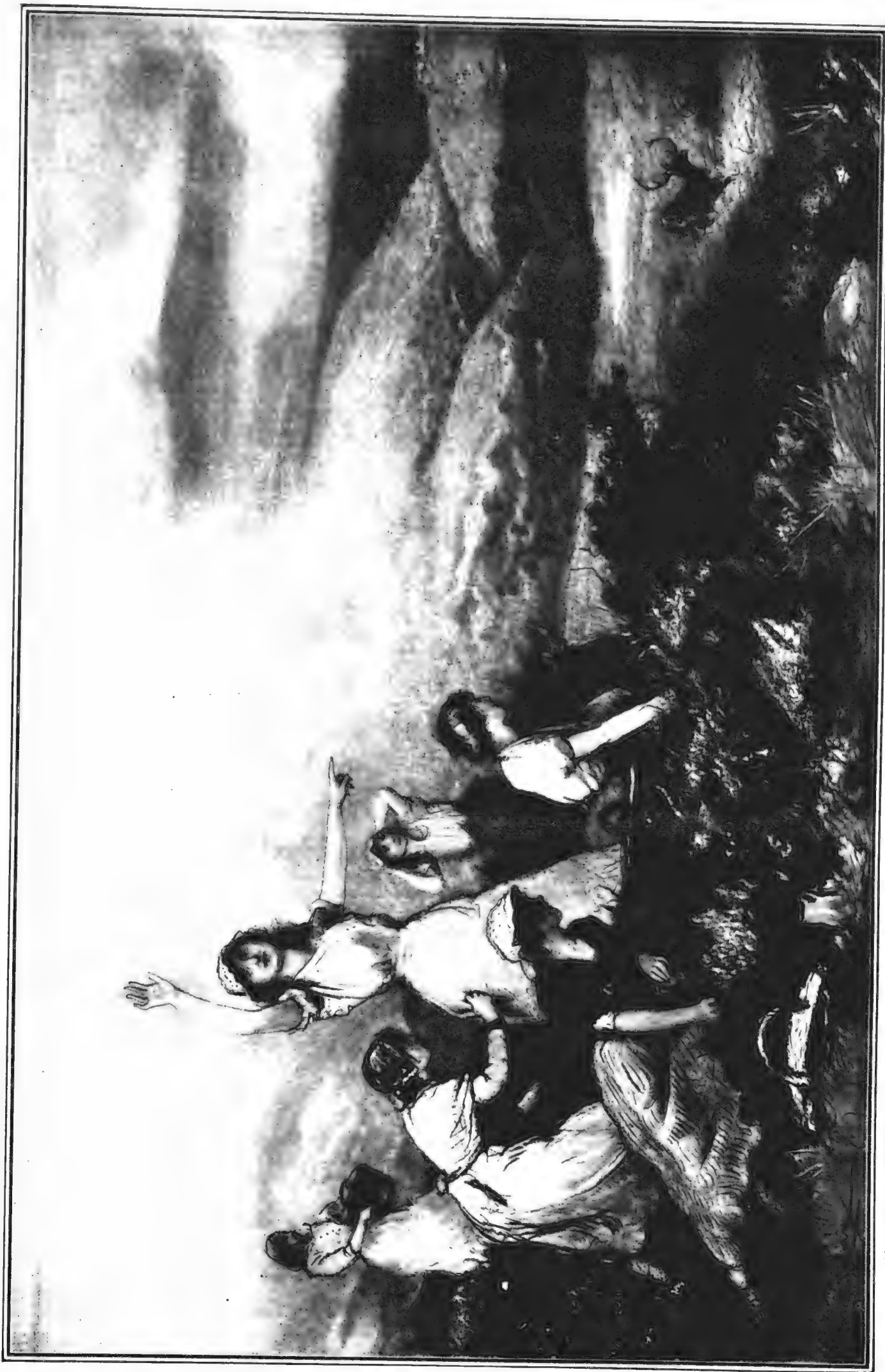
In the new order of things which marks Mr. W. O'Brien's temporary leadership the Speaker is treated very much as if he were a private member. In what seems ancient times, though it is really only but as yesterday, the Speaker's rising to a point of order wrought miraculous effect. The member on his feet, in whatsoever disorderly mood, immediately resumed his seat, and the ruling of the Speaker was accepted without comment. This week the astonished Mace has daily looked upon scenes where the Speaker, upstanding, has had his voice drowned in the roar of defiance coming from the Irish camp. Member after member has risen from that quarter to dispute possession of the floor with him. When at length, in a partial lull, he has found opportunity of delivering his judgment it has been noisily disregarded, the squabble beginning afresh. Hissing, a method of expressing personal opinion unknown to the oldest member, is of common occurrence. Where it is going to end it is impossible to say. What is certain is that if it proceeds, as hitherto, undefeated it will make an end of the usefulness, as it has already destroyed the dignity, of the House of Commons.

When the Irish members are not in possession, the House sets itself daily and diligently to Committee on the Education Bill. Progress made is slow but sure. Mr. Balfour, whilst firm in support of the main principles of the measure, shows himself always ready to consider, sometimes to accept, amendments on comparatively minor points. The chief burden of the day falls on his shoulders. But he finds occasional assistance from the Attorney-General and Sir William Anson, the new Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board, who keep watch and ward with him on the Treasury Bench. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has cheerfully delegated to Sir William Harcourt the Leadership of the Opposition on this Bill. Sir William is as constant in his attendance as is the Prime Minister, and takes equally active part in the debate. Sir John Gorst watches from Mr. James Lowther's corner seat, below the gangway, the progress of his old progeny. He has spoken several times, disappointing the expectant Opposition by his loyalty to former colleagues, who agreed to dispense with his Ministerial services.



A CERTAIN PRIZE-WINNER: A PRIVATE VIEW BEFORE THE DOG SHOW

DRAWN BY P. B. HICKLING



Cloutsham Valley, which lies under Dunkery Beacon, the crowning point of Exmoor, is a favourite haunt of the Devon and Somerset stagbounds. The hill is covered with heather and whortleberries, and commands a fine view of the valley below.

"THERE HE GOES": A USEFUL HINT FROM THE WHORTLEBERRY GATHERERS AT CLOUTSHAM

DRAWN BY ROBERT W. MAUDETH, A.R.A.

The Court

THE King returned to town on Saturday evening from his visit to Newmarket. In spite of cold and wet His Majesty was at the races each day during his visit, besides riding or walking in the morning, while he had a few friends to dinner every evening in his rooms at the Jockey Club. He completed his visit by a day's partridge-shooting with the Duke of Cambridge at Six Mile Bottom, the Duke also accompanying the King to town, where their arrival was kept quite private. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark welcomed King Edward at Buckingham Palace, the Prince having just arrived to join his wife, while the Princess had been staying at the Palace for some time past. The King and Prince Charles attended Service at the Marlborough Chapel next day. On Monday His Majesty held a Council at the Palace, the chief business being to arrange for the banks closing during the Royal visit to the City to-day (Saturday). In the evening His Majesty and Prince Charles went to the theatre to see *The Eternal City*. On Tuesday His Majesty went to Victoria Station to meet Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria on their return from Denmark, in readiness for the important series of State functions, which would begin with the Investiture arranged for yesterday (Friday). Between 300 and 400 gentlemen receive decorations, military and naval men predominating.

The event of the week is, of course, the Royal visit to the City and the Progress through South London fixed for to-day (Saturday). Given fair weather, the spectacle ought to be very brilliant, for the Royal procession promises to be highly imposing, while the inhabitants all along the route have been most eager to decorate to the best of their power. Temple Bar and the King William Statue are the chief points for elaborate decoration on this side of the water, while South London looks very smart, notably the triumphal arch near Guy's Hospital. So far as at present arranged the Royal Procession leaves Buckingham Palace at noon, allowing about an hour to get to the Guildhall. Cavalry form the advance guard, followed by a naval gun detachment, batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery, squadrons of the Household Cavalry—the Horse Guards and the 2nd Life Guards—with the bands of the various regiments, and then a large mounted body of the King's Aides-de-camp, drawn from the Regulars, the Navy and Marines, the Volunteers, Militia and Yeomanry. Earl Roberts will be in this party, riding nearest to the Royal procession as the post of honour. Next come the Royal suite in pair-horse carriages, and then the Royal Princesses, the King and Queen's daughters riding in the last carriage, drawn by a team of four blacks. An escort of the 1st Life Guards will immediately precede the State carriage of the King and Queen, which is to be drawn by eight of the famous Hanoverian creams, attended by walking footmen. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught ride respectively to right and left of the Royal carriage, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince Christian, and the Dukes of Fife and Argyll being close behind with other officers, while the rest of the Life Guards escort brings up the rear. At Temple Bar the procession halts for the usual civic reception, the Lord Mayor on horseback then preceding the Royal party to the Guildhall. After all, the presentation of the City's congratulatory address is to be made in the Library, where the official reception of their Majesties takes place. The newspaper-room has been divided into three apartments for the King, the Prince of Wales and the Princesses, while the Librarian's room becomes the Queen's boudoir, hung with rose-silk and Gobelins tapestry and furnished in gilt Louis XV. style. For the banquet in the Guildhall, the dais for the Royal party is to be covered with a lovely blue carpet from Kirman in Central Asia, contrasting effectively with the rich ruby velvet canopy and curtains and their cream satin lining displaying the Royal Arms, the Tudor rose, and the British Lion. Of course, the famous turtle soup figures on the menu, which is otherwise simple, as the reception and banquet must take little more than the hour. Then the procession starts for South London, crossing London Bridge to the Borough to stop at the Borough High Street for an address, and finally home *via* Westminster Bridge Road and Parliament Street to the Palace—a distance of some ten miles in all.

Simplicity is to be the keynote of the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's to-morrow (Sunday). The King and Queen, with the Royal Family, will drive unostentatiously to the Cathedral, occupying ordinary carriages, and possibly with a small cavalry escort. Seats are specially allotted to many officials and members of the Houses of Parliament, but by the King's wish the general public are to come in freely to the Service, so far as they can find room. The Service begins at 11 a.m., and includes a sermon from the Bishop of London. There will be special prayers, psalms and lessons chosen for matins, the Service closing with a solemn *Te Deum* and the National Anthem. A choral celebration of the Holy Communion will follow. Monday next will be occupied with the Guards' review, and afterwards the King and Queen go to Sandringham for a short rest.

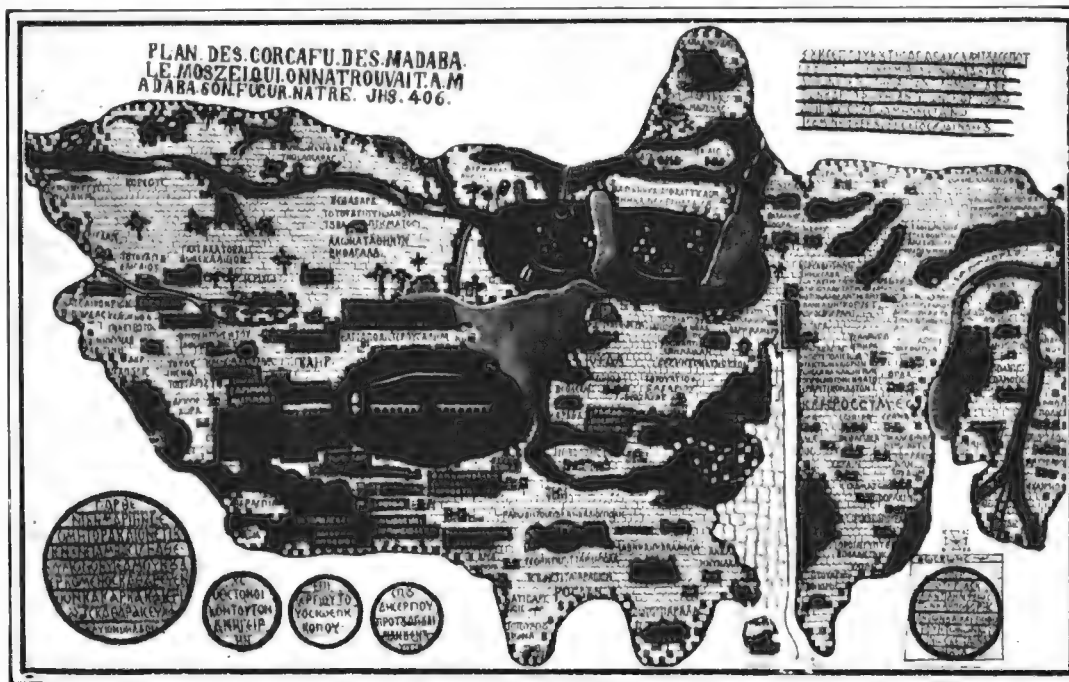


The foot of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square was decorated with flowers and evergreens on Tuesday, but the column itself was not adorned as in previous years. Throughout the day crowds gathered round the monument. Our photograph is by Russell Hiron.

TRAFALGAR DAY: THE DECORATIONS AT THE BASE OF THE NELSON COLUMN



MOSAIC PAVEMENT BEARING THE NAMES OF ZACHARIAS AND JOHN FOUND BETWEEN JERUSALEM AND HEBRON



THE FAMOUS MOSAIC MAP DISCOVERED AT MADABA

The Norwich Festival

THE Norwich Musical Festival which took place in St. Andrew's Hall itself the nave of a fine old fifteenth century church of the Black Friars, from Tuesday night to Saturday of the present week, is the last of the great Musical Festivals of the present year. Particulars of the performances must, of course, be reserved, but a rapid survey of the music may now be of interest. On Tuesday we had the first public performance of Sir Hubert Parry's *Ode to Music*, which we described when it was produced in semi-privacy at the opening last year by the Duke of Cambridge of the new Concert Hall of the Royal College of Music. The *Ode* was repeated when the Prince and Princess of Wales paid their first official visit to the College this year, and on each occasion it was admired as an excellent example of its composer's more massive and serious style. Sullivan's *Golden Legend* was also in the opening programme at Norwich, while Wednesday morning was set apart for *Elijah*, the morning concerts likewise including Verdi's *Requiem* and Gounod's *Redemption*.

The evenings of the Festival were devoted for the most part to shorter works, including several comparatively brief novelties. Amongst them was Dr. Cowen's *Coronation Ode*, written to Sir Lewis Morris's poem (or rather to a portion of it) for a Buckingham Palace concert, which, owing to the King's illness, never took place. The ode is for chorus, except that at a very graceful reference to the perennial youth of Queen Alexandra, there is a melodious soprano solo. Sir A. C. Mackenzie's *London Day by Day* is an orchestral suite of the same fanciful character as Dr. Elgar's *Cockayne*. The first movement is entitled "Under the Clock," with, of course, a suggestion of the Westminster chimes; the second, a waltz, typifies a dance in Mayfair; the third is a Song of Thanks giving; while the last is called "Hamstead Heath," in special reference to Mr. Chevalier, snatches of whose "coster" songs are ingeniously utilised. Dr. Horatio Parker's *Star Song* is largely choral, though a quartet of soloists is employed. It opens with four short but effective choruses, each devoted to a particular star, and entrusted to each of the four sections of the choir. All acclaim the Star of the Morning. The words are by Henry Bernard Carpenter. Mr. Randleger Junior's *Werther's Shadow* is a dramatic cantata, by the clever nephew of the well-known conductor, and it has already been heard on the stage in Italy. The story is the meeting between the ghost of Werther and the lady who "kept on cutting bread and butter." There were also short new orchestral pieces by Mr. German and Sir Charles Stanford, and new vocal works by Mr. Bedford, Mr. Landon Ronald, and Mr. Frederic Cliffe.

The Birthplace of John the Baptist—a Recent Discovery

AN interesting, and perhaps successful, attempt has recently been made to locate the home of Zacharias and Elizabeth, and so the birthplace of John the Baptist, working from data supplied by the remarkable mosaic map discovered about eight years ago at Madaba on the uplands east of the Dead Sea in Palestine. This now well-known map, which dates from the fourth or fifth century, gives the names and locations of many of the sacred places of the Holy Land as they were then identified. One of these sites, called Beth Zakar (the house of Zacharias), is pictorially represented in the mosaic as a domed church directly south of Jerusalem. This suggested to a native that the genuine birthplace of John the Baptist was not at Ain Karem, west of Jerusalem, as tradition has it, but that it must be in the neighbourhood indicated by the Madaba map. Search and inquiry resulted in finding, in the precise place shown by the map, a site called to this day *Herbat Beit Shakkar* (the ruins of Beit Shakkar), the Hebrew *Beth* being replaced by the Arabic *Beit* (house), and Zakar (Zacharia) having become Shakkar. Excavations have just disclosed the mosaic pavement of a church about twelve metres long, which the foundation-stones *in situ* show was a domed structure as required by the map, and which is in contrast to its representations of many other structures which have gable roofs. Part only of this mosaic has so far been uncovered, but this part has an inscription bearing the names Zacharias and John. The location is to the right of the road from Jerusalem to Hebron, twenty kilometres from the former and sixteen from the latter, and is just before the road descends to Ain Harrub, whose waters Pontius Pilate brought into Jerusalem.

This discovery is likely to arouse considerable interest among archaeologists. We give our readers reproductions of both the Madaba map and the partially uncovered mosaic at Herbat Beit Shakkar.

Our Portraits

CANON HENSLEY HENSON, Rector of St. Margaret's, and Canon of Westminster, was married last Monday to Miss Isabella Caroline Dennistoun, daughter of Mr. James W. Dennistoun, of Dennistoun, Auchinlea, N.B. The ceremony, which took place in Westminster Abbey, was performed by the Bishops of London and Stepney, and Canon Duckworth, Sub-Dean of Westminster, and the bridegroom was accompanied as best man by Professor W. B. Ker, Fellow of All Souls' College, Cambridge, and Professor of English Literature at University College. Our portrait of Canon Hensley Henson is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, and that of Miss Dennistoun by Roy, Peterborough, Ont.

Admiral Edward Stanley Adeane, who has just died at his residence, Jacob's Farm, Sedlescombe, Battle, in his sixty-sixth year, was promoted to flag rank on New Year's Day, 1888, and from September, 1891, till September, 1892, was second in command of the Channel Squadron, and during the naval manœuvres of the latter year second in command of the Red Fleet. He became vice-admiral in May, 1893, admiral in March,



MISS ISABELLA CAROLINA DENNISTOUN
Married on Monday to Canon Hensley Henson



CANON H. HENSLEY HENSON
Married on Monday to Miss Dennistoun

of debates in either House, and that the majority of the newspapers would gradually diminish the space they even now give to the reports of speeches delivered either in the Commons or in the Lords. "The public," he said, "took much interest in the 'Questions,' but now that the new rules have cut down this part of the proceedings, the Parliamentary columns will be more and more neglected." If the London and local newspapers cease to publish the speeches of members, the debates will decrease in length rapidly, and Parliament may become a businesslike institution.

The Garrick Club is more or less the Mecca of the theatrical profession—so far as the actors are concerned. Why is there not a Siddons Club? In these days, when so many enterprising men and women are founding clubs in London, why has no one hit upon the idea? The Siddons Club should be for women exactly what the Garrick Club now is for men. Actresses who have attained some standing in the profession, authoresses, women journalists, and those of the same sex in "Society" who like to associate with them, should have such a club. It is obvious that several hundreds of women would gladly belong to it, and it is to be hoped that the suggestion will be adopted.



MAJOR-GENERAL L. J. OLIPHANT
Appointed to command the Home District



THE LATE ADMIRAL R. S. ADEANE
Baltic Veteran



THE LATE CANON MACLEAR
Warden of St. Augustine's, Canterbury



COLONEL COBBE
Chief Staff Officer to Col. Swayne in Somaliland



THE LATE MAJOR G. E. PHILLIPS
Killed in Somaliland

1898, and only last December was placed on the retired list. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Major G. E. Phillips, D.S.O., who was killed in the fighting at Frego, was appointed to the Somaliland force on February 28 of this year. He had previously served as captain with the expedition to Ashanti, under Sir Francis Scott, in 1895, for which he obtained a star. During 1899 and 1900 he served with the Ladysmith relief force, under General Buller, and was wounded at Potgieters.

Captain and Local Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Stanhope Cobbe, D.S.O., Chief Staff Officer to Colonel Swayne, is a member of the Indian Staff Corps. He was born in 1870, and entered the South Wales Borderers as a second lieutenant in 1889, obtained his lieutenantancy in 1892, and was transferred to the Indian Staff Corps in the same year. In 1895 he took part in the operations in Chitral with the relief force from Gilgit. In the West African Expedition of 1900 against the Ashantis, at a time when the garrison at Kumassi was at a minimum, Captain Cobbe was engaged in relieving the beleaguered garrison and subduing the revolters. During these operations he was severely wounded. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and received the Distinguished Service Order. He was gazetted a captain in the Indian Staff Corps from September 21, 1900, and from January 1 last has been commandant, with the local rank of lieutenant-colonel, of the 1st (Central Africa) Battalion of the King's African Rifles. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Rev. George Frederick Maclear, D.D., who has just died at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, after a long illness, was the eldest son of the late Rev. George Maclear, of Bedford, and was born in 1833. He was ordained deacon in 1856 and priest in 1857. On coming to London he served for a time as assistant minister of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair, and of St. Mark's, Notting Hill. In 1866 he was appointed to the headmastership of King's College School, where he was in office for fourteen years. He was assistant preacher at the Temple from 1865 to 1870, and he was several times select preacher at both Universities. In 1880 Dr. Maclear was appointed warden of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and he was made an honorary canon of Canterbury in 1885. Our portrait is by A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Major-General Laurence James Oliphant has been appointed to command the 9th (Foot Guards) Brigade of the Second Army Corps, and to succeed Major-General Sir Henry Trotter in the command of the Home District, both appointments being for three years from January 1, 1903. Major-General Oliphant, who will complete his fifty-sixth year in December, joined the Grenadier Guards just thirty-six years ago, in October, 1866. He was appointed to the command of an infantry brigade at Aldershot in February, 1900, and subsequently went to South Africa, where he was lately in command of the Elandsfontein District and Klerksdorp Sub-District. In 1885 he served in the Sudan, receiving the medal and Suakin clasp and the bronze star. Our portrait is by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE members of the House of Commons may be divided into three classes: (a) those who take an interest in the House as a historical institution; (b) those who take an interest in the proceedings on public grounds; (c) those who are merely interested in their own advancement. Those who belong to the first of these classes watch closely the reputation and performances of the leading men in the House, much as do speculators the varying values of stocks and shares. For the moment Mr. Arthur Balfour is to such members the centre of interest. This is his first appearance as Prime Minister. Is his health sufficient to stand the strain? Has he the necessary strength of character? Has he the qualities which a Premier should have? Has he a hold on the public? There are a dozen other questions which they discuss of importance from their point of view.

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) and the late Mr. Gladstone were carried to the Premiership on the shoulders of the people; Mr. Arthur Balfour is mainly popular in the House itself. He has to make his reputation downwards; the other two made their reputations upwards. Can he do it? Can he become a popular hero? Apart from the powerful organisation which he has at his back, has he, or will he ever have, great personal influence over the nation? Have we reached a stage in Parliamentary history when the organisation is of more importance than the man? In other words, are Disraelis and Gladstones of not so much consequence now as the party wire-pullers and managers? Those are all interesting questions.

From the City to the House of Commons, from the House of Commons to the City, are two distinct roads. The latter is worth studying. A—labours and intrigues to obtain a seat, not because he desires to be in Parliament, but because he wishes to be in the City! Once a member he can obtain directorships—and the fees attached to them. Unless his past is notoriously discreditable, a member of Parliament is almost always useful on a board of directors. His name, with the magic letters "M.P." tacked on to it, attracts the general public. Besides, he often can arrange delicate matters with the authorities—which is useful to the company with which he is associated. That kind of member is a sore trouble to the Government, but there does not seem to be any means of devising a measure which would abolish him.

"An all-night-sitting Session"—that is the character which the Parliamentary prophets give in advance to the present Session. One of the oldest members lately said that, in his experience, the most hardly fought and most bitterly conducted battles in the House had always been those connected with religious questions. If his prediction is fulfilled "An All-Night Sitting," "Scene in the House," and "The Closure Applied," will be very familiar headlines in the newspapers before the debates on the Education Bill are closed. In the same conversation he maintained that the newspaper-reading public of to-day seldom read the accounts

"Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss"

BY W. MOY THOMAS

UNLESS memory plays me false, the notion of the disappointments of a husband who, returning from abroad after an absence of fourteen years, finds that his pretty and fairly engaging young wife has developed in the meantime into a dowdy commonplace person, with a mind of the Mrs. Nickleby pattern, is new to our stage; or, if it had served the dramatists' turn before it was taken by Mr. Frank Stayton for the starting point of his new comedy at the AVENUE Theatre, it has certainly not been within a recent time. Mr. Stayton has, at the outset, treated the idea farcically, and his subsequent attempt to introduce an element of serious interest is not wholly successful; but long before the play is ended he contrives to give a turn to the story which is virtually a satirical commentary upon the sentimentalities of his principal personages, and thus very adroitly brings back the lighter vein. In the opening act Mr. Oswald Brandram, rushing to embrace his wife in the somewhat dark coffee-room of the hotel at Plymouth, where she had been waiting his arrival, accidentally takes to his arms the wrong lady. The mistake is purely accidental, and is discovered in an instant, the electric lamps being suddenly turned on; but circumstances conspire, nevertheless, to invest it with a deep significance. For Mrs. Willoughby, who has thus been led into bestowing her fervent embraces upon a stranger, is also awaiting the arrival of a long absent husband, and he has developed into a coarse, ponderous, and wholly unsympathetic person, while Mrs. Willoughby, who is still a lady of charming manner and great personal attractions, cannot but contrast very favourably with the faded, prosaic, and garrulous Mrs. Brandram. In brief, Mr. Brandram and Mrs. Willoughby become interested in each other, and Mrs. Brandram's well-intentioned but not the less irritating efforts to win back her husband's affections only serve to precipitate the crisis, till one day the guilty couple agree to elope, and even agree to meet at the Charing Cross station, there to take train for foreign parts. But the plot is discovered by Brandram's pretty daughter Lilian, who locks the room door and, on her knees, appeals to her father to abandon his project. Ultimately, Lilian is compelled to relinquish the key; but the daughter's distress has moved her father, and instead of going to the station he sends his trusty friend, Lawrence Hyrvey. But no Mrs. Willoughby is found there, for the plain reason that the lady, too, has thought better of it. The indignation which Mrs. Willoughby, nevertheless, exhibits when, having entreated her lover to forgive her broken promise, she learns that he also had failed to make his appearance at their trysting-place, is a rare touch of human nature for which the dramatist deserves credit. The comedy is cleverly acted. Miss Ellis Jeffreys was delightful as the impulsive Mrs. Willoughby; Mr. Frank Mills succeeded in awakening some sympathy for the domestic trials of Mr. Brandram, and Miss Annie Hughes as Lilian shone in the one passionate scene in the play. More in her way, however, were her amusing colloquies with her explosive lover, Frank Dale, a part very cleverly played by Mr. Sam Sothern. The Mrs. Brandram of Miss Florence St. John is rather timidly handled, and would be the better for a little more colour.

The Resuscitation of the Naval Volunteers

THE fact that the present Board of Admiralty is preparing to reverse the decision taken just ten years ago, when the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers were disbanded, makes an examination of the past history of that force and the possible services which it might render, if restored and re-created, a matter of some public importance. Within past years there has been a striking movement in our great seaports—Liverpool, Glasgow, and Bristol—towards the reconstruction of the force, and the attitude of the authorities, as expressed in a circular issued some months ago, is no longer hostile to the scheme. In view of the fine work achieved by the Volunteers in South Africa, it is generally felt that some provision should be made to reinforce the *personnel* of the Navy in time of war by Naval Volunteers.

The old force known as the Naval Artillery Volunteers was organised during the administration of Mr. Goschen at the Admiralty in 1874. It had occurred to many that, though the Navy was the popular service in the country, there was no means of utilising in its behalf the enthusiasm of the nation. There are and there always have been many young men who have no inclination to serve as soldiers, but who from familiarity with the sea would be prepared to undergo training afloat or on the coast, so that in emergency they would be able to take their place in the coastguard or the fleet. Such men formed the backbone of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, Yachtsmen, fishermen, and the inhabitants of our commercial ports were the classes from which the force was recruited. In this form these Volunteers were the analogues of the "Naval Fencibles" of Nelson's day. The Fencibles were not, however, a particularly useful force. Nelson complained in 1801, when every available man was wanted to take our fleets to sea, that they were very backward in embarking. "Of the 2,600 Sea Fencibles between Orfordness and Beachy Head,"

he wrote, "only 385 have offered themselves to go on board a ship. . . . These men say, 'Our employment will not allow us to go from our homes beyond a day or two and for actual service;' but they profess their readiness to fly on board . . . when the enemy are announced as actually coming on the sea." It would seem that Nelson's unsatisfactory experiences were remembered against the later Volunteers, though such defects as the earlier force exhibited might have been easily guarded against; and that they were ultimately the cause of the disbandment of the Volunteers.

The strength of the Naval Volunteers was fixed by the authorities at 2,000, a total which was never exceeded or even reached, but this was mainly because they were regarded with scarcely veiled hostility. The Navy was, at that date, not anxious to see its effectives swollen by an organisation which it believed to be of doubtful value. Yet the force was very favourably noticed and commented upon by the American Lieutenant Colwell, who was required by his Government to examine the organisation and working of foreign Naval Reserves. "The seaman," he wrote, "in the limited sense in which we have been accustomed to use that term, no longer occupies the prominent place on board the modern warship. . . . The naval seaman of the present day must be a man of more varied accomplishments and higher ability to receive the special instruction which has become so necessary for the efficient manipulation of the weapons which are placed in his hands. . . . A realisation of this truth has led to the establishment and encouragement by the British Government of the force known as the Naval Artillery Volunteers." He recommended his Government to follow

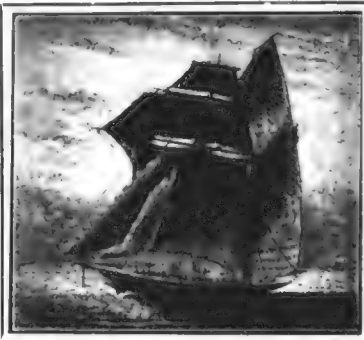


AN INSPECTION ON BOARD H.M.S. "PRESIDENT"

in our steps; and the result was seen in the establishment of the American Naval Militia, which was, generally speaking, similar in recruitment, training, and organisation. The great use which was made of this force in the war with Spain, is the strongest argument for the resuscitation of the force which we abolished, just at the very time when America created its analogue in the United States.



A STRUGGLE TO GET INTO A HAMMOCK



THE "HORNET" HOMEWARD BOUND



AN AWFUL NIGHT ON THE LOWER DECK

At the time of the 1885 Russian scare, it was proposed that in every considerable port, vessels should be fitted to carry quick-firing guns, and should be manned for local defence by the Volunteers. The fittings and vessels were to be paid for by the locality, but the Admiralty supplied the guns. Patriotic attempts were made by individuals belonging to the Naval Volunteers to give the members of the force a sea training. Thus, Mr. Seth Smith made a voyage to the Azores and back in a schooner manned entirely with, and commanded by, Volunteers. But, as a general rule, mainly because of the indifference or covert hostility of the authorities at Whitehall, the training was confined to a cruise in the Channel in an obsolete gunboat.

"It was an original error," said Lord Brassey in 1889, "to have organised the Volunteers as bluejackets. . . . Organised as a force of Marine Artillery, the Volunteers would have occupied an appropriate place. Their officers would have had adequate rank. . . . What is more, there would have been no difficulty in

Meanwhile, in the United States, the Naval Militia had grown from small beginnings to a strength, in 1895, of 200 officers and 4,400 men. It was composed of intelligent, well-to-do men. . . . It mustered in its ranks in the bluejacket ratings, university graduates, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, engineers and yachtsmen. It was representative of the best intelligence and the highest patriotism of the country. But its sea experience had been small. Boat and camp exercise, and an occasional short cruise in an old man-of-war, represented the sum total of its practical knowledge. . . . It was, then, in no respect superior to the force which we had so foolishly destroyed.

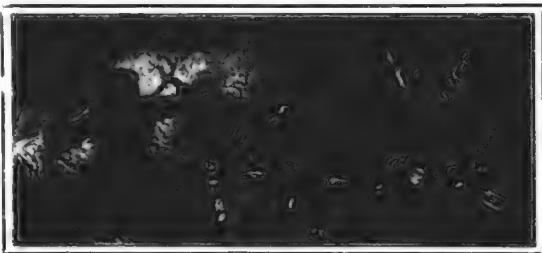
Yet, even so, it supplied in all 106 officers and 3,832 men for the American Navy during the war with Spain. One of its battalions reported, armed, uniformed, and equipped, in six hours from the order to mobilise. Another reported in twenty hours. Part of the Militia was employed in signal service ashore, where its work was "most satisfactorily performed," according to the official reports on the war. It manned many harbour-defence ships for local defence, taking them over, sometimes in a very dilapidated state, and putting them in thorough order. These vessels cruised from port to port without mishap, and it is stated that the officers and men "showed great aptitude" in the management of them. Further, large steamers, which had been purchased from the merchant service and armed, were manned entirely with Militia. Such were the *Yankee*, *Yosemite*, *Prairie*, and *Dixie*. These vessels were engaged in blockade and scouting work on the Cuban coast. The crews

were the object of very favourable reports from such officers as Admiral Sampson. Nor was this all. The Militia actually furnished detachments for many of the battleships and cruisers. Thus the famous *Oregon* had sixty of their number on board at Santiago. "They picked up their duties quickly," runs the report on them, "and when the war ended were becoming quite efficient in their various grades and stations."

Thus, in the American Navy they subserved every purpose for which a second-line reserve is needed. In reconstructing our own Volunteers it is impor-

tant that they should be made available for service afloat, just as is the American Militia, and that they should undertake to serve, if necessary, in time of war outside British waters. It is impossible in war to tether our ships to our own coasts. Naturally, in time of peace, they would not be liable to be sent out of British waters without their consent. At the same time, while this liability to service on shipboard should exist, the force should be trained and prepared for coast work, which should include the following duties amongst others: working the signal stations, rocket and life-saving drill, thus setting free the trained material of the Coastguard; and manning for harbour service the older torpedo-boats and ironclads, which will have, we fear, to be regarded in war as performing the function rather of scarecrows than of fighting units, but which may even so prove very useful and which will all take men. In all these directions a force of Naval Volunteers would give great relief to the Navy. As many as possible of the force should be taken out for the summer manoeuvres, or with the Home Squadron on its quarterly cruises, while a second-class torpedo-boat and an old battleship such as the *Temeraire*, recently struck off the active list, might be attached to every district which could produce 500 or more Volunteers.

There is good reason to think that the Admiralty mean to insist upon foreign service, in the event of war, as a condition. If they do this, if at the same time they take care to demand a high standard of efficiency, and if they regard the new Volunteers, not as replacing trained, long-service seamen, but as supplementing them, the reconstruction of the force can do nothing but good.



ROUGH WEATHER ON A CRUISE: STOWING THE FOREMAST

assigning to the force a sphere of duty afloat, in which they would have been able to render good service to the country." This was written before the excellent service of the American Militia had shown in actual war the practical value of the force.

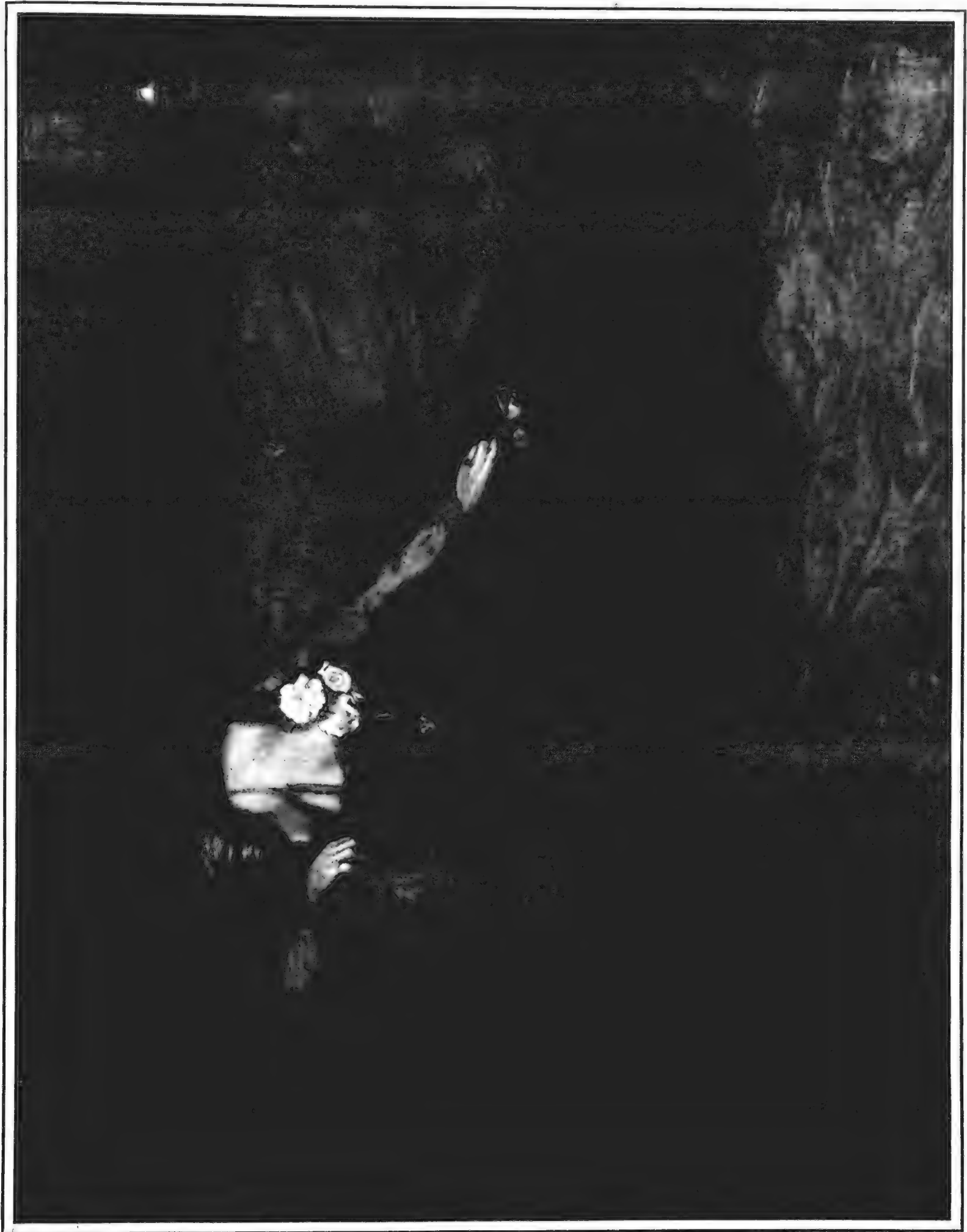
Under Lord G. Hamilton, a committee was appointed, with Admiral Tryon as President, to decide whether the Volunteers were efficient and useful. Admiral Tryon, though a very able and gallant officer, was a man of strong prejudices, and had never approved of the force. It was no great surprise, then, that in 1892 his committee reported adversely to the Volunteers. Their disbandment at once followed. Other good officers thought that a great mistake was being made. "It is a pity to disband them," said Admiral Fremantle, "for they could be made good use of in time of war."



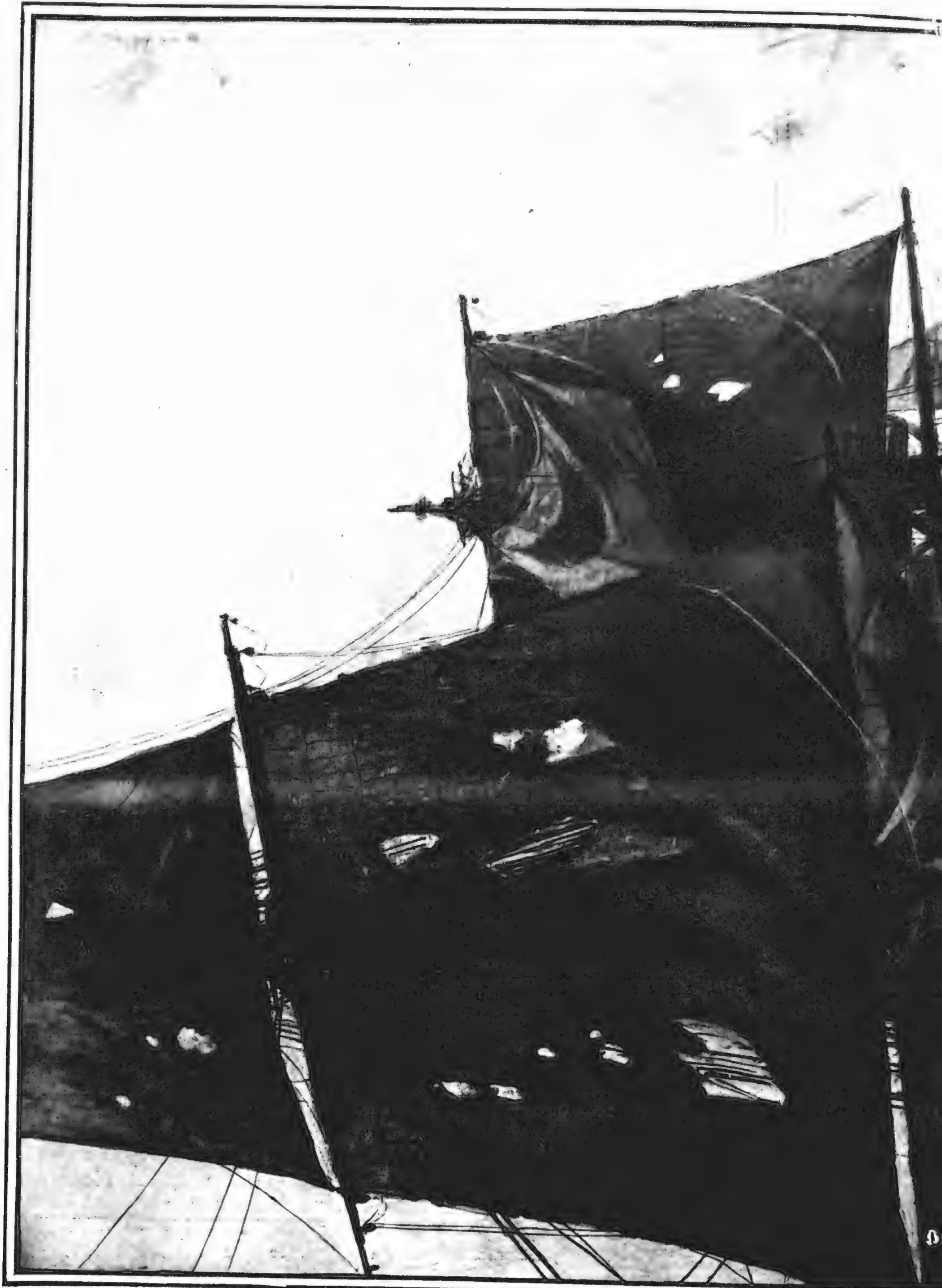
AN ENTERTAINMENT ON H.M.S. "RAINBOW"

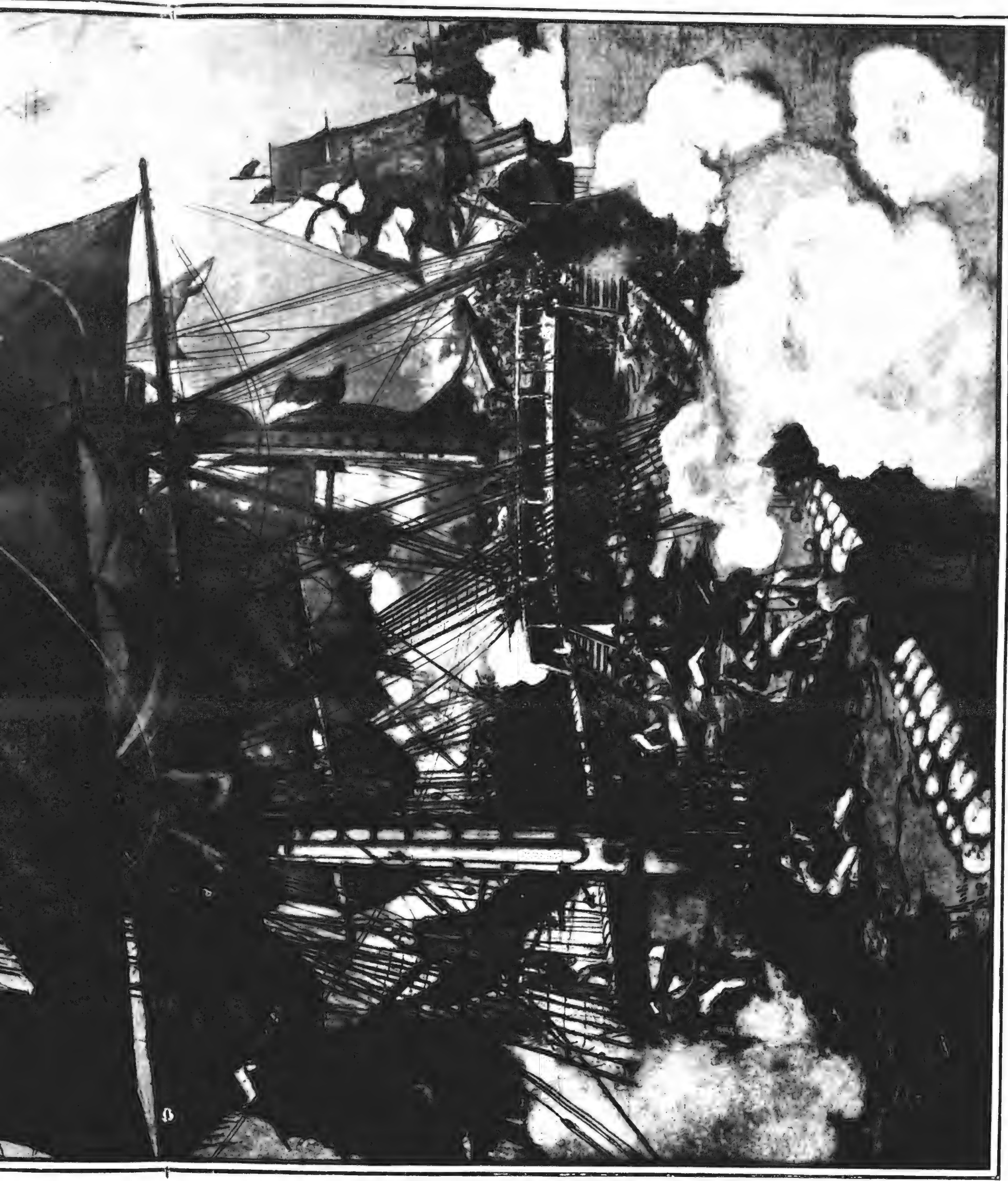


SHOULDERING AN OFFICER AT AN ANNUAL DINNER



THE STORY OF A ROSE
FROM THE PAINTING BY C. M. Q. ORCHARDSON, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY





THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805: THE DECK OF THE "VICTORY" AT THE MOMENT WHEN NELSON FELL

DRAWN BY CHEVALIER EDUARDO DE MARTINO, M.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



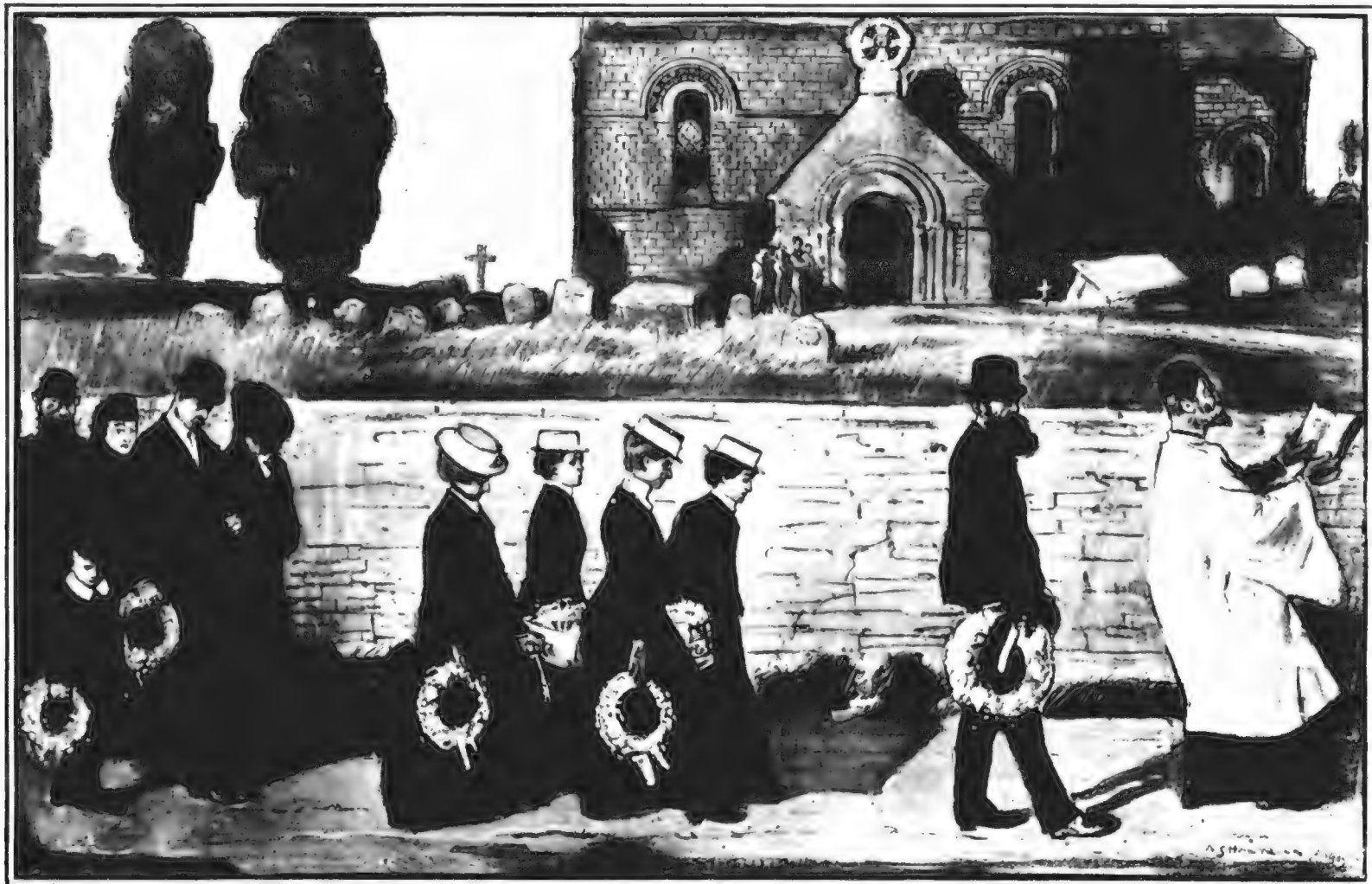
A SACRARIUM



AN ALTAR

Constant discoveries of antiquities are being made in Rome, especially in the Forum. Among the latest excavations is a sacrum or private chapel to Juturna. This nymph of a spring in Latium, sister of Turnus, was worshipped in Rome, and was sacrificed to, especially in times of scarcity of water. The new discoveries include an altar, a shrine, and a well, while in the sacrum is a bust of Jupiter, a statue of Esculapius, and fragments of a monument of Castor and Pollux. Our illustrations are from photography by C. Alinari.

NEW DISCOVERED ANTIQUITIES IN THE FORUM IN ROME



In these days, when the rustic is changing his manners with his clothes, a custom, singularly appropriate, which still survives in the villages on and about the Cotswold Hills, seems worthy of record and preservation. There it is usual, after the death of a little child, for the coffin, in the case of a girl, to be borne to burial by young maidens, and in that of a boy, by village lads; but already

this latter custom shows signs of passing away. In the funeral depicted in our illustration the villagers brought many wreaths and flowers. The scene itself was somewhat strange, and in spite of a certain stiffness and self-consciousness, the youthful bearers, in prim black dresses and white hats, made a pathetic little procession.

A STILL SURVIVING CUSTOM IN THE COTSWOLDS: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF A LITTLE GIRL

DRAWN BY A. B. HARTRICK



The breeding boxes are located in a picturesque and "tiger" spot



On a pouring wet evening a pound of eggs arrives (packed with 738 lb. of ice) in the local cabdriver's best turn-out

DRAWN BY G. DURAND

Jones, of the Forest Department, the energetic secretary of the local fishing association, could not see why trout-breeding in the North-West Provinces should not be as successful as in Ceylon. Was there not a heavenly climate? Were there not sparkling streams—everything, in fact, that a trout could



1,500 eggs are placed in the breeding trays. The continuous stooping almost brings about apoplexy



Eggs ready to hatch



Hatched



S. D. W. HARRIS

The sole survivor, after an outlay of £50

FROM SKETCHES BY W. W. HARRIS

wish for? The cost would be paltry: a pound of eggs, a few boxes, grass huts, &c., and under such favourable circumstances the fish would doubtless attain an enormous size. The suggestion, received with enthusiasm, was carried into effect.

A TROUT-BREEDING EXPERIMENT IN NORTH-WEST INDIA

The Way Soldiers Were Treated

By THE REV. F. L. HARDY

MR. THOMAS ATKINS is made a good deal of now, but there was a time when, in common with his brother Jack of the sea, he was horribly treated. Indeed, service in both our Navy and Army used to be little less than slavery. Jack was captured by the press-gang and flogged almost to death if he attempted to escape, and Tommy was generally enlisted after being made drunk, or allowed to go into the Army if he had committed any offence instead of being sent to prison. Many became soldiers not from any liking for the profession, but because they were starved into it. This is seen by the nickname that still attaches to the West Riding Regiment. They are called the "Haver-Cake Lads," because it was the custom for the sergeants when on the march to carry haver-cakes (which was Yorkshire for oat-cakes—haver being oats) on the point of their swords, in order to entice the hungry to enlist at the time of the Peninsular War. Towards wild, rough characters, enlisted in these ways, anything like kindness, or even humanity, was considered a dangerous weakness. During the great war with France our soldiers fought like heroes and were treated like convicts. They were fed, paid, clothed and housed in a way that seems to us now almost incredible. At the time to which we refer our soldiers had only one official recognised meal in the day—dinner. The celebrated politician and writer, William Cobbett, began life as a private soldier, and taught himself to read by the light of the guardroom fire. He tells us that so hungry used he to be, that once, when with great care he had put by a halfpenny or penny to treat himself to a red herring, and someone stole the coin,

he actually cried with vexation—and starvation. The pay at that time was about fourpence a day. There were no libraries, recreation rooms, or any kind of innocent amusements in barracks. And it was even worse in foreign stations.

Besides the monotony of the soldiers' duties, the discomforts of barracks were great. The cubic space allowed by regulation was 300ft. per man; now it is 600. The barrack-rooms were low, badly warmed, and without light after sunset, and all washing was done in them, for there were no ablution-rooms or laundries. It seems to us almost incredible, but it is a fact that, until the year 1849, the wives of soldiers "on the strength" lived, almost without exception, in the barrack-rooms among the men. There were generally a married couple in each room, and to these custom assigned the corner farthest from the door. No matter what the number of the family might be, they were allowed but two single beds and two men's space. The only pretence at privacy provided was the six-foot-high canvas screening, which the husband would put round his matrimonial bower. In those days enlistment was for life. Discharges were permitted as a reward for good conduct, and were ordered by court-martial in extreme cases of misconduct; but if you were not very good or very bad, or medically unfit, you could not get away at all. Desertion was the principal crime, which neither shooting nor flogging (up to 2,000 lashes) could prevent.

The clothes of our soldiers were as uncomfortable as they were unworkmanlike and ridiculous—George IV. meddled much in military millinery. He was strong on the question of "fit," and often said that while "a seam might be permitted, a wrinkle was unpardonable." The fashion then ran towards great height in the head-dresses of soldiers; indeed, they became so excessively tall, that the sentry boxes about the Royal Palaces had to have their

roofs raised. And there was nearly as much thought given to the hair of the men under these monstrous erections. Wigs were once worn by soldiers, and these were followed by an arrangement of the men's own hair, generally in the form of a pigtail. Privates going on guard had their hair dressed over night, and when greased with a tallow candle, thickened with flour, and tightly tied according to the fashion in club tail, macaroni tail, or pigtail, they were compelled to sleep lying on their faces, as any other position would disarrange their coiffures. One man actually got 500 lashes because his pigtail fell off accidentally upon parade.

Now the names of private soldiers wounded, killed, or missing on active service are telegraphed home by the generals as carefully as the names of officers; but there was a time when their names were never published, and when, if they survived a campaign, they got no medal or any sort of reward. Then only the "superior officers" were thought to be deserving of medals.

There was a time when the Army was ruled by the stick and the "cat." Officers and sergeant-majors used to carry rattans and apply them apparently at will. A newspaper of the time, whether seriously or not, describes a drummer flogging a private, the sergeant-major beating the drummer with a rattan to make him flog harder, and the adjutant doing the same to the sergeant-major. So hardened did the soldiers become that one of them went to the captain of his company and asked him to get him a flogging because he was the only one in the company who never had the experience, and he could not stand the chaff of his chums in consequence. I have seen in the handwriting of Wellington an order for a soldier to receive on one day (June 10, 1816) 999 lashes for "uttering" a spurious two-franc piece to a woman at Versailles. So lately as 1825 a man was sentenced to 1,000 lashes, and received 1,200.

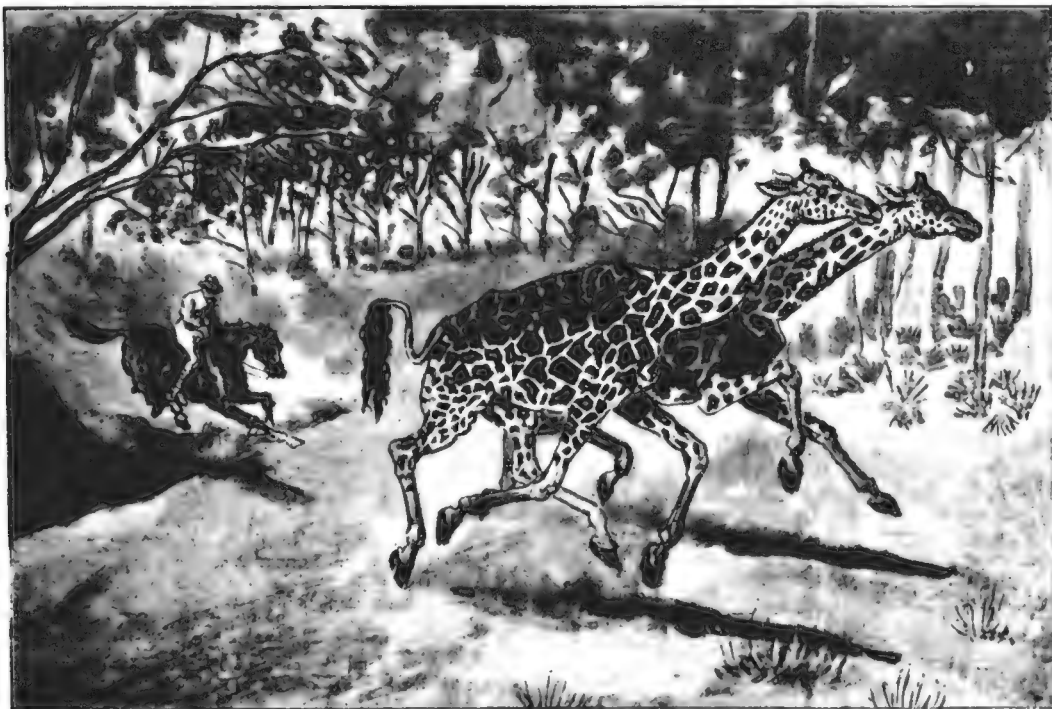


The native chiefs, with their principal headmen, were called together at Nwedwe by order of the Natal Government, for the purpose of being presented with medals, bearing on the one side the king's effigy and on the reverse the arms of Natal. The Chief Fotobe, seen in the photograph receiving his medal at the hands of the magistrate, expressed on behalf of himself and his brother chiefs, loyalty to the king, whom he termed (Mkhosvu Mhlope, Mpati we'ntandani), "The great white Elephant, Protector of Orphans." At the conclusion of the presentation, the chiefs with their headmen gave the Royal salute of "Bayette" three times. Our photograph is by H. Spencer Swann.

CELEBRATING THE KING'S CORONATION IN A NATIVE LOCATION IN NATAL.



SPORT IN THE SOUDAN: AN IMPROMPTU MENAGERIE RACE
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. N. M. SMYTH, V.C.



SPORT IN THE SOUDAN: A NECK-AND-NECK RACE
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN N. M. SMYTH, V.C.

With the Sword Hunters of the Soudan

By CAPTAIN SMYTH, V.C.

OUR party of two Arab horsemen, a Sheikh on the smart grey Bish-tana, and Ahmet, a veteran high-weight of the Beni Hussein tribe, on his black Galla pony Shanshun, with myself on my favourite mount, Fox, and two footmen carrying water, trudged through the forest with due vigilance, hoping to find elephant. When an hour from camp the tracks of three giraffe were found crossing our line at right angles, we decided to take them up. The forest we were hunting consisted chiefly of gum-bearing acacias, about thirty feet high.

Every mile or two a watercourse would be passed, the lower level marked by the luxuriant foliage of large tamarind, clony, and adansonia trees, the undulating slopes of hard loam carpeted with turf spangled with budding flowers. An hour's tracking at an increased pace, passing in places fresh tracks of feeding giraffe, and Ahmet suddenly glanced back at us with a gleam in his eye. Fox pricked up his ears as three alarmed giraffes, 500 yards ahead, who, as always happens, had seen us first, began striding towards one another, and then broke away to the left at a swinging canter; but we had a good start, with favourable going, and the horses, were soon skimming over the surface as if on the racecourse. One cow led away left-handed, and was ridden, unsuccessfully, by Bish-tana; the two larger animals bore straight onwards abreast; a light tawny cow and a bull, marked out by his larger size. The ground now became harder, but was clothed with long dead grass, with occasional low thorns of the fish-hook variety, and the wood becoming thicker, it was evident that one could not come a good gallop all the way, but that it would be a waiting race until more open ground was reached. Shanshun was out of sight, but striving gallantly in rear, Ahmet ever keeping the lofty necks in sight over the horizon of scrub and grass. The bull's remaining consort now asserted the independence of her sex and deserted him, crossing his front and bending away half left. As to him, never had a giraffe appeared as big to me before, and I saw at a glance that he was in the pink of condition. As he loped along, apparently unhurried, Fox had to labour like a ship in a storm as he scrambled through tearing thorns and binding creepers, but he responded noddily to my call, and after an anxious half-minute the ground improved. I was now five yards off, and unsheathed the sword, all too soon, for the crippling blow.

The giraffe struck out with his near hind leg, as a feint, narrowly missing Fox's head, a hint to ride wide, which I lost no time in taking; the next kick missed my knee by a foot. I held back, for he looked almost too big to meet the kick with the sword, and it must be remembered that the nearest vulnerable spot is above the point of the hock, itself over four feet from the heel. But time and clouds were flying, and I pressed up again, on which the bull broke his stride and delivered a succession of kicks, which effectually put the brake on his speed and gave Fox a respite from the killing pace. Now came the supreme moment, as, his kicking bout over, he went all he knew! but he began to draw away from the horse, who plunged vainly through the crevices and watercourses; the good going was past, and the steadier of eleven stone on his back, which had been no disadvantage in boring through the bush, now told terribly; he sprawled on till I pulled him up. Shanshun appeared from behind and stood still, ridden clean out. The giraffe disappeared through the forest.

That afternoon we moved camp. Fox was no longer to represent the stable, he had done such killing work on himself in the morning, that on the principle that the blood-horse may be put to farm as well as fast work, he would bring up the rear under a heavy baggage saddle with almost as cumbersome a kit of what-nots as the White Knight of the story book. The necessary instructions were given to the lad who rode him; on no account was he to attempt to follow me if we had a chase. Ahmet was alone with me in front, and we had crossed a valley and came to high ground, when he again sprang into the saddle with a significant backward roll of his eye and dashed forward at a giraffe two hundred yards ahead which was stalking across our front. It took the beast an appreciable time to turn, and we were bursting the pace before he was in his stride. But in less time than it takes to tell a third was in the race coming up from behind. A few strides and Fox was abreast of us; it was no triumph of jockeyship, for the helpless Hamar Arab swept past, pulling for all he was worth. He was taking his own line, straight for the giraffe, brushing through thorns like bull-finches and taking trappy fallen trees in his stride. A few lengths more and a thirty-foot wide water-course presented itself; the Arab in vain tried to steady him; he plunged into it at breakneck pace; the next stride he had landed on the far bank, but minus the lad, who described a high-angle parabolic curve and fell like a black spread-eagle into the mud. We already had one unadvertised starter, the field was now swelled by the unlooked-for addition of four dark chestnut hartebeeste, which, startled out of a patch of bush by the giraffe, joined in the strange procession until the strong running of the riderless horse scattered them right and left. Ahmet, again to the fore, fearing that the runaway would cross him at the critical moment, made a vain pass with his hide whip to divert him, and then rode away and cut down a hartebeeste, while Fox, with a neigh of defiance, and in the frenzy of sport, rushed at the giraffe, and possibly (who will deny it?) recalling number one's tactics at polo, made as if to turn the animal to the right, forcing him off from the near side. On the instant the giraffe, as he turned, delivered a knock-down blow with his near hind, it came home on the shoulder and Fox turned over on his back like a shot hare.

But this is not a tragedy, the giraffe's near hind leg being no longer masked, a sweep of the blade severed the hamstring, and a simultaneous turn to the left saved Blue Fire from being crushed as the bull toppled over. A moment later a sorry object trotted snorting past the fallen leviathan; it was Brer Fox, covered with mud, gear in pieces, the pigskin somewhere on his off flank, dead lame, but, if heedless of these details, one thing he felt: his character was not lost.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

It is reported that grey hair is at present the fashion in France—that is to say, not the silver locks of old age, but a dyed and bleached counterfeit, supposed to be admirably becoming to the young face. Certainly we have advanced far beyond the time of the dandy of the last century, who determined to preserve the appearance of youth at all costs, gave it as his axiom that a man would do well to adopt a wig at thirty-five, and thus he need never have grey hairs or experience the necessity for hair dye. A love for the unnatural and extraordinary is a sign of decadence, and when young women display a wish to appear old it can only be from some neurotic tendency, which should be combated by their surroundings.

Though America is supposed to be the land of liberty, its social etiquette is, to say the least of it, as arbitrary, if not more so, than that of ancient conservative countries. For instance, the edict of society set forth in New York that after the first of October no straw hats should be worn in the streets. The order seems somewhat unjust, as the weather being propitious many a man might still wish to don his straw hat. However, no option was allowed. Any unwary mortal appearing in a straw hat was promptly set upon, his straw hat knocked into the air and kicked until it became a mere fragment of loose straws, when it was trampled in the mud.

It is strange to find in the recorded business bankruptcies of women that these generally occur as grocers, drapers, and dress-makers. The latter is easily understood, as the number of bad debts incurred, especially in the large and expensive establishments, renders the trade a dangerous one. But everyone, as a rule, pays their drapery and their grocer's bills, so that in these trades there seems no special reason for failure. Is it that our women have not yet grasped the true principles of business, that they are careless in their arrangements or reckless in their expenses? I fear that the general education of women is to blame. Their education is often imperfect and superficial, and they are not taught, as men are, from childhood to be practical, punctual and persevering. Go, grit, and gumption are said to be the secrets of the millionaire's success. They might also be the watchwords of the trading woman. Tact, energy and thoroughness are absolutely essential.

So much talk about education leads us to reflect that some people spell by instinct, while others may study the dictionary diligently from cover to cover without acquiring even the rudiments of the art. An old lady I heard of says that when she writes a letter and is in doubt as to the spelling of a word, "I just drop a blot off my pen on to the doubtful letters and leave my husband to guess at it. It's the best way for me, for he is such a purist that he can't abide even a trifling mistake in spelling, and whenever a new edition of the dictionary comes out, I get a beautifully bound copy of it for my birthday present, and that's all!" How many of us can sympathise with this old lady, and how often have not the best of us dropped a blot figuratively and truly? A little mystery covers a multitude of sins.

I hope that the new education will teach children to read aloud properly. Most children have a natural dramatic faculty, which can easily be diverted into expressive reading. Formerly this was considered an art necessary to every lady and gentleman; now, alas! it is almost the rarest thing to find. But anyone who has suffered from illness, or even from fatigue, or whose eyes ache, and has been read to by some obliging member of his family, knows the acute misery of enduring the slipshod reading of the unconscious torturer. The halting at difficult words, the hurrying over doubtful ones, the



The Council of the National Trust for places of historic interest or national beauty have acquired the Brandlehow Park Estate, on the western shore of Derwentwater. The property consists of about 108 acres, extending from the shore of the lake to the road which borders the unenclosed common of Catbels, and from Hawse End to the Brandlehow Lead Mine. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by A. Pettitt, Keswick, shows the view of the property from the public road at Catbels.

BRANDLEHOW PARK, DERWENTWATER, WHICH HAS BEEN SECURED FOR THE PUBLIC

absence of stops, the too high-pitched, monotonous, or mumbling tones, all prove a source of profound discomfort; whereas the orator's well-balanced voice, his scrupulous clearness and right emphasis, prove one of the most delightful experiences possible. Mr. Gladstone read beautifully, so did Lord Tennyson, and those who heard them were not likely to forget the delightful intellectual treat.

Foucault's Pendulum

AFTER a lapse of more than half a century the celebrated experiment made by Foucault is to be repeated at the Pantheon in Paris under the auspices of the Astronomical Society of France. Foucault made his original experiments in 1851, but they were interrupted by a *coup d'état* before all the conclusions which appeared possible were arrived at. The swinging of Foucault's pendulum, as it is now called, forms the most majestic and direct experimental proof of the earth's rotation on its axis. The pendulum, swung from the dome of the Pantheon, consists of a fine steel wire 224 feet long, fixed at the upper end, and sustaining at its lower end a large copper ball weighing 66lb.

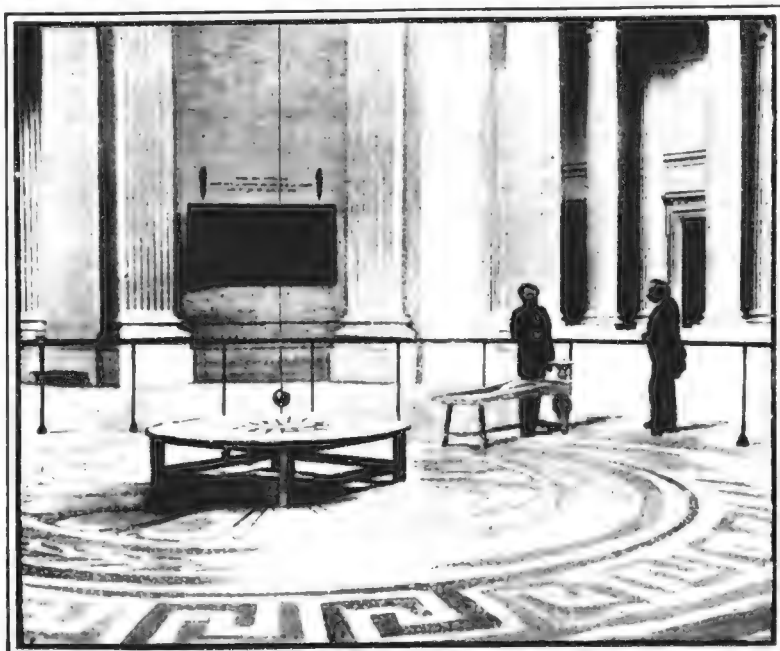
From the lower surface of the ball a point protrudes, which strikes near the extremities of its swing two little mounds of fine sand, whereby the direction of the plane of oscillation is determined; also there is placed underneath a graduated card, from which the particular angle of swing may be read off. Special precautions are taken in starting the pendulum, for it is absolutely necessary that it should swing straight, and have no sideways movement. To attain this, the pendulum is drawn to one side, and held in position by means of a thread passed round the ball and made fast to a fixed object; when perfectly steady the thread is burnt through, and the pendulum immediately starts on its stately swing propelled only by the action of gravity. Each complete oscillation takes about sixteen seconds, and it would swing perpetually if not retarded by the resistance of the air. Soon, however, it will be observed that the original plane of swing is being departed from, the point below the ball begins to wear down the molecules of sand along the rim of the mounds, indicating a deviation from east to west. The deviation thus observed, however, is only apparent. The plane of swing really remains immovable, and in truth it is the earth that rotates beneath it from west to east; therefore, the rotation of the

earth itself is rendered perceptible to the eyes of all. If we imagine a Foucault's pendulum swung at the North Pole, so that the point of suspension should be, as it were, a prolongation of the earth's axis, an observer will be transported from west to east, but being unconscious of his own motion, the plane of oscillation will appear to make one revolution in twenty-four hours. At the South Pole similar phenomena will be exhibited, only the plane of oscillation will appear to deviate in the opposite way; on the equator the plane of oscillation appears immovable. In intermediate latitudes, such as Paris and London, the plane changes at an intermediate rate, varying as a trigonometrical function of the latitude.

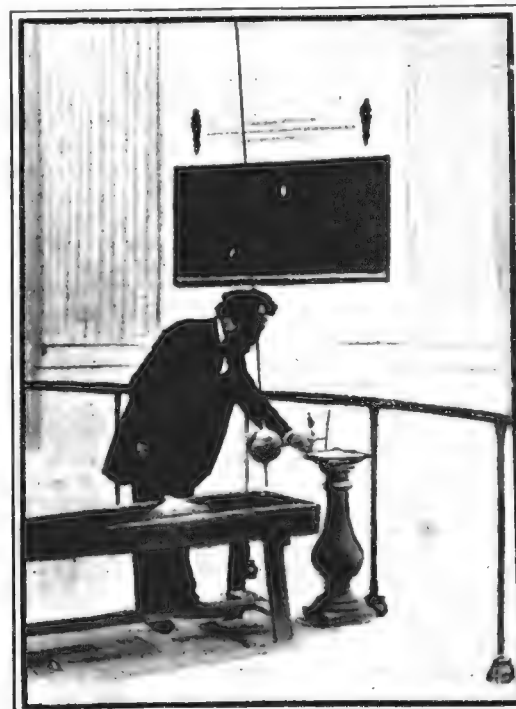
Experiment completely verifies this reasoning, the apparent alteration of the plane of swing in Paris being a little more than 11° per hour.

There is no doubt that the re-installing of this magnificent experiment will be of great advantage scientifically as well as for public instruction, and in aiding us to conceive of the grandeur of our earth as a spinning globe.

"That spinning sleeps
On her soft axle as she paces even,
And bears us swiftly with the smooth air along."
MILTON.



THE FOUCAULT PENDULUM IN THE PANTHEON, PARIS, FOR DEMONSTRATING THE EARTH'S ROTATION ON ITS AXIS



M. FLAMMARION BURNING THE THREAD WHICH SETS FREE THE FOUCAULT PENDULUM



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SENDING IMMIGRANTS TO THE RAILWAY WAITING-ROOMS ACCORDING TO DESTINATION

SCENES AT ELLIS ISLAND: THE IMMIGRANT GATEWAY TO THE UNITED STATES

Immigrants at Ellis Island

Those who are familiar with the history of immigration in the United States confidently look for a great increase as the result of the recent "boom" in American securities. If there is a reasonable foundation for this appreciation in values it means increased commerce, increased manufactures at higher prices, and an increase in the demand for labour at larger wages. Already in the year past there have been some returns to the scale of wages prevailing before the last great panic. No one doubts that labour will share in the prosperity, which makes itself more evident every day, and with the expansion of wages and occupation will come a larger stream of immigrants seeking fortune on the golden shores of America. This has been the invariable experience of the United States. Conditions were reversed at the time of the panic, and for a period there was even a balance on the emigration side of the population account—something which had not been known before since national statistics were first systematically collected.

Fortunately for the United States, there is a barrier at the country's gateway, and no immigrant can enter unless he fulfills certain conditions. This barrier is erected at Ellis Island, and there all immigrants are detained long enough to be interrogated before they are permitted to enter or pass through New York city. At other ports—Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc.—there are other offices of the immigration bureau. No immigrant having a contagious disease is admitted. Tuberculosis was added to the list of the diseases only a short time since. Criminals are barred out; so are cripples and others who may become a charge on the cities to which they go. In the latter case, if an American citizen gives a satisfactory bond that the immigrant will not become a public charge, he is admitted. Men and women who come under contract to work for some employer in the United States are excluded, unless they come to establish an entirely new industry. Under

the latter exception some lacemakers were admitted recently. They were under contract with Dr. Dowie, the head of a religious sect, who has founded a city called Zion, near Chicago.

The steamship companies help the Government to weed out the undesirable immigrants at the points of departure. Their interest is selfish, for a deported immigrant is returned by the Government at the expense of the steamship line which brought him to the United States. Still, there is always a large proportion of undesirable immigrants in the thousands who arrive at New York each year.

Before deportation each immigrant has a hearing before a special board, appointed by the Treasury Department; and he has the right of appeal to the Commissioner of Immigration, and beyond him to the Secretary of the Treasury. In some instances, where a principle was involved, cases have reached the President, and have been decided by him after conference with the Attorney-General.

Ellis Island has been newly equipped within a year, the old buildings having been burned. It has waiting-rooms, restaurants, a telegraph office, and a bureau de change. Immigrants, when they have passed the health authorities and been examined as to their qualifications for admission, are sorted according to destination. Those who are going to New York City take the transfer boat to the Battery. They form a picturesque procession almost every day, marching up busy Broadway with their bundles on their heads or their boxes under their arms. Immigrants who are bound for other destinations are sent to waiting-rooms, whence they are taken by agents of the railroad companies and put safely on the cars. Every care is taken to protect the stranger, often ignorant of the English language, from imposition. Agents of missionary societies assist the Government to direct him to his destination. At the Battery are missions dealing with different nationalities, which exercise a special supervision over young girls arriving in the great city unprotected and alone.

Hunting the Kangaroo

It was seven o'clock on a bright morning in November—early Australian summer—when I rode slowly up from the creek's dry bed, across the rich turf of the home-paddock, to the verandah of McLachlan's homestead. McLachlan—he of the Tamworth side, in the New England district—had invited me to a kangaroo-hunt, and it was my first experience of the great Antipodean equivalent to the English fox-hunt.

After a good deal of "fixing up," a start is made, and with dogs gambolling furiously round the horses' heels, the party—attired for the most part simply in kneeboots, moleskins, and Crimean shirts—struggle down towards the paddock ship rails. The party amble along; some lounging with one leg thrown carelessly over the saddle-pommel; most smoking the social short pipe; and all sitting their horses with that supreme carelessness and half-slouching negligence which is so characteristic of the bush rider until "Look out." The dogs are away, and the kangaroo, for it is an "old man" sure enough, bounds in two leaps across the gully.

He has taken to the flat for a start, and evidently means racing, for his great strong tail flies straight in mid-air as he throws earth and twigs far behind with his springing hind feet. The dogs soon warm to their work, and "Nigger," a big black kangarooer, is already gaining on the quarry. The kangaroo, finding the pace warm, turns sharply down the bank of a winding creek, in and out amongst a score of fallen trees, and across the narrow stream into the thick bush on Vralla side.

Despite dense undergrowth and trees close enough to almost shut out daylight, the pace slackens very little; and though often on their knees in the rich loamy soil, or up to the haunches in long grass and scrub, ponies are still at the gallop, and riders still apparently lounge in the saddle.

"Nigger," flaked from nose to tail with foam and panting after the long run, has sprung on to the back of the "old man." Firmly he grips the marsupial's neck with his powerful jaws, and fiercely that animal lashes out with one muscular hind leg as "Jinny" skimmishes round to its throat. Poor "Jinny" never reached the throat, for that one cruel kick tore her flank and groin open so that it was hard to keep life in her during the day. Fortunately, however, she did live to run many another chase. Four dogs are rallying round "Nigger" at this time, and a short, fierce struggle is ended by an old bushman's long knife; the kangaroo's tail—a special delicacy—being reserved for the soup-pot, the hide for rugmaking, and the rest of the animal for the dogs who ran it down.

A. J. D.

A MISTAKE AND HOW TO REMEDY IT.

To the Stout of Both Sexes.

Many men and women, alarmed at the inexplicable emaciation of corpulence, are desirous of taking a stout or two off their weight. They have not, however, taken account of the fact that they have not only lost weight, but they have also lost their health. The mistake is that they let the muscle go, and the fat accumulates, the figure spoiling, and a general health deterioration. Happily for these unfortunate ones, these things are easily to be remedied by the famous "Russell" treatment. The remedy is pleasant, harmless, and sure. It is truly scientific and very simple, and a reduction of from 10 to 20 lbs. per day is guaranteed. When normal proportions are reached, the treatment may be discontinued. The "Russell" treatment is very fully described in "Corpulence and the Cure" (256 pages), by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, and any of our stout readers may obtain a gratis copy of this wonderful, interesting book by sending five penny stamps to the author at Wolarn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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The Centenary "Edinburgh"

With the October number Jeffrey's famous Whig Review enters upon its centenary. In October, 1802, appeared the first number, and in October, 1902, appears the 402nd number. Throughout the century, while other periodicals have changed and died, the *Edinburgh* has remained precisely the same, and the familiar blue and buff cover (the colours of the Whig party) was as familiar to our grandfathers as it is to us. It is a little difficult, perhaps, to understand now, in looking over the first number, why it should have set the Thames on fire, but one hundred years ago no reviews existed except of the feeblest character, and a journal that boldly entered the field and scathingly criticised political measures and public men, as well as literary topics, was a great novelty. Its first contributors were nearly all young men with ready pens and brilliant abilities. Sydney Smith, the first editor, was just over, and Francis Jeffrey, who succeeded him in a year, was just under, thirty. How they struck a very competent observer is shown in an extract from a letter written by Mr. T. N. Longman from Edinburgh. He writes:

It is written (without pay) by some young men (whose names I have down though they are pretence to be secret) of very great abilities. I have not read much, but they seem to be more fond of displaying their critical acumen than the contents of the book, or of maintaining the grave dignity of their office. There is some excellent writing. . . .

Seven hundred and fifty copies of the first number were printed, and in half a dozen years the circulation had increased to many thousands. The original idea, as mentioned above, was to run the *Review* without giving any remuneration to the writers.

It was to be all gentlemen and no pay. After the third number a change was made, for we find Jeffrey writing in May, 1803, to Horner, that in consequence of a negotiation between Sydney Smith and the publishers, the latter were willing for the future to pay *£100*, a year to the editor, and *£10* a sheet to him and to other contributors, terms which Mr. Longman said "were without precedent," as, for the matter of that, was the success of the new journal. It is difficult in these days to realise the sort of coy feeling with which men regarded any direct pecuniary relations with the Press. Jeffrey, however, found that all his men would consent to accept their *£10*, and "under the sanction of their example" he thought he might accept the salary offered "without being supposed to have suffered any degradation."

The pay was soon raised to sixteen guineas a sheet, and it was at this ordinary rate that a very memorable article of Mr. Gladstone's was paid for in 1870. It is impossible here to refer now to the many famous contributors to the *Review*—Brougham, Scott, Macaulay (whose first essay appeared in it, and whose famous papers sometimes monopolised nearly half an issue); but the publishers of the *Review* (Messrs. Longmans, who, except for a brief interval, have been associated with it through its career, a remarkable and perhaps unique record) may well take pleasure in looking back upon "the rare ability, the lofty standards, the patriotic motives, and the absolute independence of the *Edinburgh Review*," and reflect with

pride that, "on the whole, its weight throughout the greater controversies of a century had been thrown on that side which the wisdom that comes after the event has declared to be the right one." No one can read the introductory paper with which the centenary number opens without appreciating the splendid independence of the little company who launched the review, and it is interesting to see that when opposition came and the *Quarterly* took the field to champion Tory causes, healthy rivalry only benefited the older journal, and its circulation reached its highest figure.



This Irish wolfhound "Rajah of Kidnal," exhibited by Mrs. A. J. Gerard, was selected in the competition instituted by the Irish Wolfhound Club at the Crystal Palace, to be presented to the Irish Guards as a regimental pet. The owner of the hound received thirty guineas, the sum which was offered in the competition. Our photograph is by Hall, Regent Street.

THE IRISH GUARDS' NEW PET

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE weather has not been exactly genial, but it has been favourable to agricultural operations, and the farmer has been very busy. Ploughing has been his chief care in the East of England, but mangoes and swedes have had the second place, and a good quantity

of these roots has already been raised and housed. The size is always good this season, and sometimes it is colossal. Drilling in wheat is in progress, but has not yet proceeded very far; in fact, there are already some who affirm that with wheat down to 26s. per quarter the area sown will show a decrease. It is, however, too soon to speak at all definitely on this head. There seem to be increased sowings of bere, or winter barley, which is not only good green feed in April, but if allowed to grow will give in mid-July a good yield of fair brewing quality. The reason that bere is not now much grown is that it never attains to fine malting quality, and the farmer who sows ordinary barley in the spring is seldom without a hope that in August the yield may be of a type which will permit him to invite the maltster to look at it. In the flower garden dahlias still flourish where there is protection to the roots against surface frosts. Chrysanthemums are doing well, and a humble type—the Michaelmas daisy—is still with us. The planting of bulbs is, of course, at its height, and the great choice of daffodils and irises nowadays makes selection a matter of much interest. The larger types of daffodils are extremely handsome, and reach nearly a yard in height, without acquiring a delicate habit. Irises we have found very difficult to bring to perfection, the types on the market showing a low average of frost-resisting capacity. But the Siberian irises, at least, ought to be hardy.

THE LAKE DISTRICT

It has been a dry season in this part of England, where a monthly rainfall of less than four inches is not regarded as at all excessive, and where ten are not unknown in the winter months. The turnips all seem to need more rain at the present moment, but this really depends on the soil; on the strong land they are a splendid crop. The prices obtained from butchers have been good both for beef and mutton, but fattening has been unusually dear owing to the very low temperature, and few mountain farmers have done well on their live stock. Perhaps half the cereal crops of the region have been cut by hand with the scythe, for the showers of August lodged the corn almost universally. Oats are a heavy yield per acre, barley and wheat, where grown, a bare average. Hay is always a big yield as compared with Southern and Eastern England, but the yield in 1902 is not quite up to the Lake District's own high mean of production.

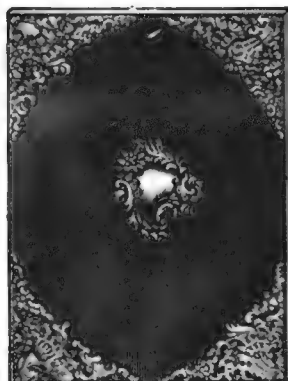
WATERING

When Michaelmas is past it is strange how many persons neglect to continue watering their indoor plants. This is bad policy, but what plants need more than watering is syringing, and the more confined the atmosphere the more is this needed. Thousands of dead plants are "put down" to the gas when the want of washing and syringing to their leaves is the real planticide. The poor things have died of suffocation, for the leaves are their lungs. They breathe through the imperceptible pores of the leaf surface.

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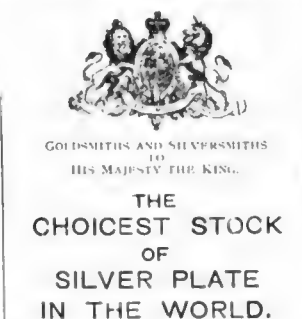
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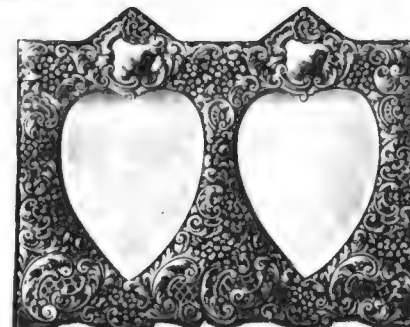
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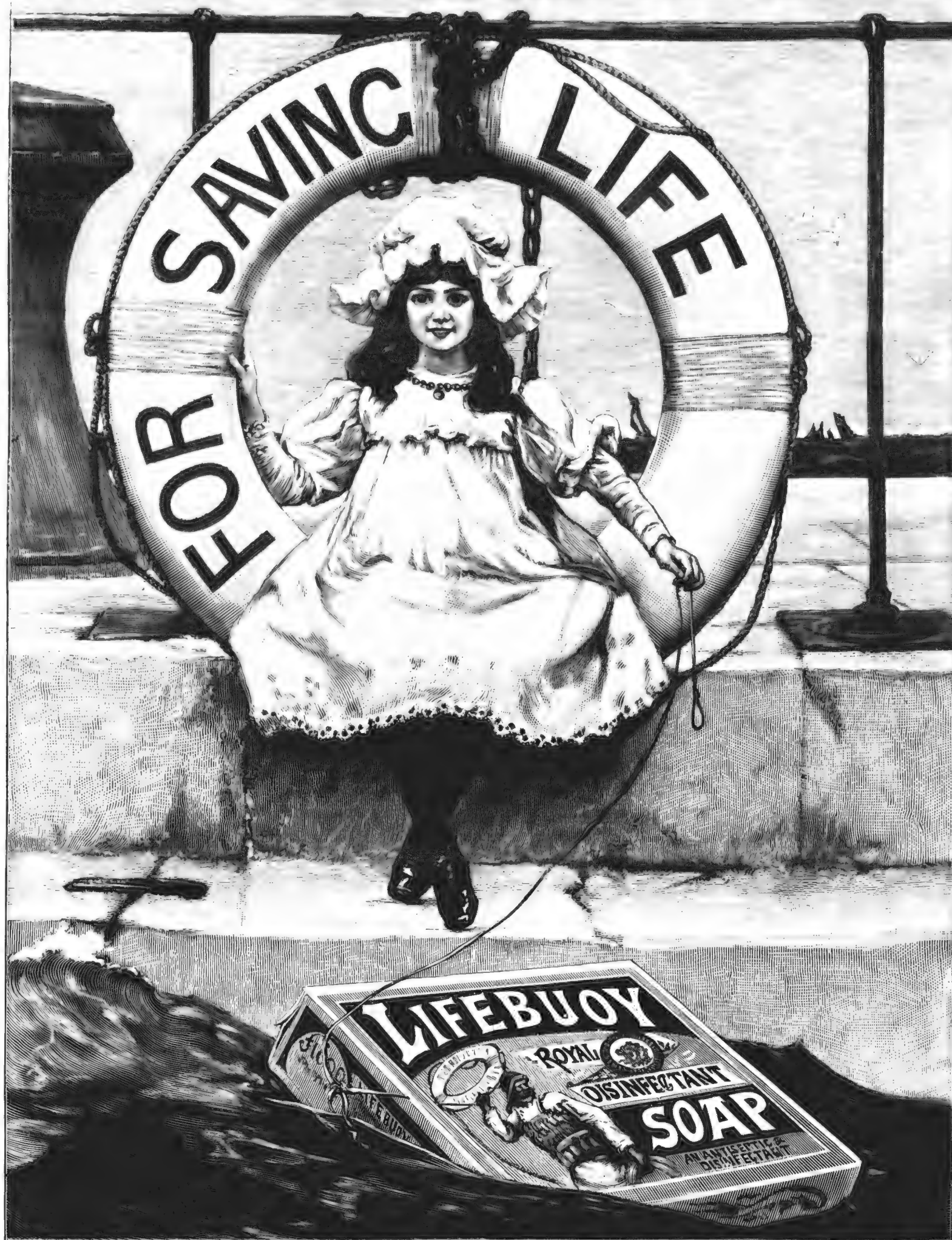
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Our Bookshelf

"THE RIVER"

"THE RIVER" is the Dart, and the author Mr. Eden Phillpotts, a combination which is in itself an almost sufficient description of the novel (Methuen and Co.) in which it occurs. Apart from the now familiar atmosphere of the moor and the moorfolk, with the insistent voice of the river to serve as a tragic refrain to the monotony of grey days and greyer lives, the distinctive interest of the present story centres in one Nicholas Edgercombe, whose simple sincerity of mind and soul is in a fair way of being developed by the solitary life of a warren into the highest kind of wisdom. There is no ordinary cruelty—though, of course, plenty of ordinary nature—in delivering a man of his stamp into the hands of a woman like Hannah Bradbridge, who craved for men's love as the river was supposed to crave for their lives, and with results as fatal. How it all ended in the case of Nicholas is left somewhat obscure; we are to suppose him to have risen above all that Nature had to teach him through ordeals, first of "Fire" and then of "Faith"—but we have been compelled to wish that he had been left alone. The alehouse and other talk, serving as a chorus, is as full of character as ever, and its excess of quantity is at any rate unaccompanied by any failure in quality. Indeed, over length is the only fault with which the entire novel, as picturesque in its psychology as in its corresponding scenery, can be charged.

"THE SUCCESS OF MARK WYNGATE"

"The Success of Mark Wyngate," by U. L. Silberrad (Archibald Constable and Co.), is an exceedingly well-developed and interesting romance, in which it is hard to say whether the principal part is played by a certain iridescent dye, or by Judith Loring, its accidental discoverer. The soul of Mark Wyngate, who represents the masculine interest, is unquestionably in the dye, but if his heart had been a little more human, his scientific and industrial success would have been better worth winning. None the less, we fancy, Judith was fated from the beginning to a tragic end, even had she found a little more happiness by the way. The comradeship of Mark and Judith while working without other help at their forge among the Essex marshes forms an exceptionally powerful situation, though it scarcely seems in keeping with the almost ostentatious up-to-dateness of the story in points of detail. If, however, the author aimed at an effective contrast, the "success" in this, and in other respects besides, of U. L. Silberrad is as complete as Mark Wyngate's own.

"PAUL KELVER"

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in his long and for the most part so-called story of "Paul Kever" (Hutchinson and Co.), lays strong insistence upon the woes of people whose destiny is to be amusing, while their hearts' desire is to be taken as seriously as they take themselves. Paul Kever can never contrive to get taken seriously. His late-coming popularity at school is entirely due to the discovery that he is a funny fellow; at a later age he is treated by women as a child, to be petted or helped or duped as the case might be, and he wins his first success, not, as he had intended and felt it in him, as a great Poet, but as a librettist of comic opera. It is the old story of Liston's ambition to play Hamlet. We have also the old story of a shy and sensitive lad's struggle through the humours and perils of Bohemia in London, and unsentimental readers will do well not

to close the volume before they reach the lodging-house in Nelson Square and the evolution of Paul's first play. It is difficult to read the novel without skipping, out the oases of refreshment are frequent, and increase in frequency as the story proceeds.

"THE HIGHWAY OF FATE"

The numerous appreciators of Mrs. Rosa Nouchette Carey's quiet and wholesome stories will be well satisfied with "The Highway of

Fate" by his death in circumstances that enable her to think of him as a hero, and to console herself by the adoption of his little boy. All this is simple enough, but it is flavoured by a tender sort of humour, and the many characters are so dealt with as to interest us in them as in ordinary acquaintances—which is, perhaps, as real a sort of interest as any. If, as some critics predict, it is the quiet domestic novel that is to have the next innings, Miss Carey is certainly not likely to come off with the lowest score.

"THE SNOW-BABY"

"The Snow-Baby" (Isbister and Co.), by Josephine Diebitsch Peary, is, to quote its second title, "a true story with true pictures." It is the tale of a little girl who was born in the Arctic regions, and Mrs. Peary writes of the life and doings of her baby daughter amid such strange surroundings in so simple a fashion that all children will delight to read it. Moreover, the author is never uninteresting even when she is trying to be most simple. Little Ah-nigh-to, as the baby was named after an Eskimo woman who made her a suit of furs, was born near the end of the summer, and six weeks afterwards began the long four winter months of darkness. Mrs. Peary gives a pretty description of the little "Snow-Baby" (as the Eskimos called her from her white skin) basking in the sun when at length it returned. There was an Eskimo girl, E-Klay-I-Shoo, or "Miss Bill," as she was called, who used to take care of Ah-nigh-to. "Miss Bill" never had a dress or a hat in her life, but dressed in a sealskin coat, short foxskin trousers, and long-legged sealskin boots. When Mr. Peary and Ah-nigh-to returned home, leaving Lieutenant Peary behind, "Miss Bill" accompanied them. "She had never had a bath," we are told, "until Ah-nigh-to's mother gave one on board ship, and she could not understand why she must wash herself and brush her hair every morning." Everything was new to the little Eskimo girl, even regular meals, "for in her country people eat whenever they are hungry. They have no tables or chairs, and never prepare meals. Sometimes, when it is very cold, they will cut slices of the chunks of frozen meat, which are lying about on the floors of their igloos (houses), and steep them in water heated over their lamps. When they are sleepy, they curl up anywhere and go to sleep," regular times for retiring and getting up being unknown to them. The book is well illustrated with a number of photographs, and it is printed in large type. Mrs. Peary will win a host of little unknown friends for Ah-nigh-to—a pretty picture of whom, in her fur suit, adorns the cover of the book—for every child will be deeply interested in this very original yet true story.

"THE LAND OF THE DONS"

Mr. Williams tells us that his aim has been to produce an intimate and trustworthy account of Spain and the Spaniards, and we must congratulate him upon his complete success, for many as are the books that we have read on the subject we do not remember one which has interested us to the same extent as this, or has conveyed to our mind so realistic a picture of the "Land of the Dons." The writer lived in Spain for a number of years, where he acted as correspondent to the *Times*, and has in consequence a thorough knowledge of the country, for it is evident that he is a keen observer of men and things. He passes in review the inhabitants of the various provinces, detailing their costumes, peculiarities, manners and customs. He

"The Land of the Dons." By Leonard Williams. (Cassell.)



AH-NIGH-TO, THE SNOW-BABY
From "The Snow-Baby," (Isbister and Co.)

Fate" (Macmillan and Co.). Its story centres upon a really pathetic piece of portraiture. "Miss Lem," as she was familiarly called, a middle-aged spinster, and with no attractions beyond a full purse and a kind heart, takes it into the latter to fall in love with a handsome scamp, who, it need not be said, sets a higher value on the former. Happily, however, she is saved from disillusion

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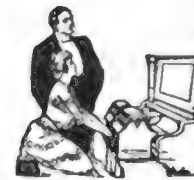


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"CARRYING HER BAKED MUTTON AND POTATOES"

From "Cranford." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (Macmillan and Co.)

writes of the popular literature of the country, and describes in graphic language the innumerable national fiestas and the games and pastimes of the people. The greatest and most popular of these is, of course, the bull-fights. "The Spaniard attends the bull-fight, if he be rich, luxuriously; if poor, modestly; if penniless, fraudulently, scurvily, raggedly, what you will; by a notable coincidence he is never so poor as not to attend it at all, or at least some portion of it." The majority of our readers have, doubtlessly, read many a description of a Spanish bull-fight, but if they would have a true picture of the scene, with its diversified colours, its movement, dust, shouting and excitement we should strongly recommend them to peruse Mr. Williams's spirited account of this national fiesta. From the beginning the book is full of interest. Moreover, it contains numerous illustrations, the majority of which are from photographs taken by the author.

"THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"

The latest volume of the new series of "The Encyclopedia Britannica" (K—MOR) opens with a brief essay by Mr. Augustine Birrell on "Modern Conditions of Literary Production," in which attention is called to some of the more obvious changes that have occurred in the last half of the nineteenth century in the production and distribution of printed matter. The changes are vast enough truly, and Mr. Birrell has well summarised them. "In 1842 people in England were an unlettered race, a large percentage of the population being unable to read or write. The only public money devoted

in that year to the work of primary education was a Parliamentary grant amounting to 29,618/ 5s. 10d. In rates and taxes the annual expenditure solely devoted to the same end amounted in 1902 to (at least) 16,000,000/ sterling," with the result that, "although it cannot, and probably never will, be said of Englishmen that they are a reading people, they have at least become a people who can read." An amazing output is now required to satisfy this people who can read, and the profits of authors who succeed in hitting the popular taste are huge, while Mr. Birrell, who is optimistic, sees further good as the result. "Cheap books have their drawbacks. A twopenny Bible is not treated with much deference. Still the sale of a million copies of such a book as Charles Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' at fourpence halfpenny a copy, means something. Cheap books disseminate the habit of reading, circulate the knowledge that there is pleasure to be got out of books, stimulate the desire of a wider range of study, contribute to the refinement of the race, and so affect the conditions under which books are produced and distributed." Among the noticeable articles in the present volume are one, illustrated with reproductions of his work, on Kyosai, the Japanese painter; a lengthy *résumé* of "Labour Legislation;" a small treatise on "Law." "Lord Leighton," "Monet," "Albert Moore," "Henry Moore," "Meissonier," "Millais" and "Legros" each have reproductions of well-known pictures attached to their biographical sketches. "Libraries" are dealt with at great length; and so, too, are "Lifeboats," "Light" and "Lighthouses" each have most interesting chapters—the latter being fully illustrated. Professor Dewar writes on "Liquid Gases;" "George Meredith" and "John Morley," among literary men, each have admirable appreciative biographies. "Meteorology" and "Magnetism" monopolise an amount of space which would make small volumes; and so, too, does "Metaphysics," which in Professor Case's competent hands runs to some five-and-forty pages. One was always a little sceptical about the man who found the dictionary excellent reading, but each new volume of this Encyclopedia is thoroughly engrossing, wholly apart from its value for reference.

A NEW EDITION OF "CRANFORD."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have reprinted this year in cheap form their charming edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," with Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations, two of which we reproduce. It makes a delightful little gift-book, and re-reading the descriptions of life in "Cranford" inclines one to think that possibly Mr. J. M. Barrie found in this familiar tale some inspiration for his pretty and successful play, *Quality Street*.

"WILD FRUITS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE" *

This handsomely got-up volume is, judging by a short preface by the editor, the Duke of Bedford, the first of the Woburn Series of Natural History. "Each subject," says his Grace, "will be treated by a writer who has made it his special study. In this volume, therefore, as in all the succeeding volumes, the writer speaks for himself, and the editor has not attempted to impose his own opinions on those who have been asked to contribute to the series." With regard to the work itself, Mr. Hulme's writing is too well known, too well appreciated, to need any commendation from us. The description of each of these "wild fruits" is written in

* "Wild Fruits of the Country-side." Figured and Described by F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. (Hutchinson.)



"AIRING THE SEDAN CHAIR"

From "Cranford." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (Macmillan and Co.)

a manner which, though masterly, is easy of comprehension, for although the Latin names are given in brackets, the author deals with his subject "in the simplest way, caring but little to send our readers to the dictionary in a wild quest for six-syllabled words, but caring much if the result of the perusal of our pages be to so far interest them as to send them to see for themselves in the great Book of Nature." The letterpress is of unusual interest, and the author lightens up his pages with numerous quotations from the poets and bygone writers. The thirty-six colour plates by the author are excellent examples of colour-printing.

NOVELETTES FOR THE GIRLS

The days of the Puritans and the Cavaliers always form a picturesque setting for a plot. "Stanhope" (Nelson), by E. L. Haverfield, is a pleasant chapter of the period, where neither of the rival parties are very exaggerated characters, and the course of true love flows smooth in the end after the due share of trouble. The missing daughter, so happily found, makes a very charming heroine. In contrast to the prim Puritan maid comes the up-to-date young woman of "A Plucky Girl" (Chambers). How Nell devotes herself to her dead sister's children and nearly wrecks her own life's happiness thereby, may be agreeably read in Miss May Baldwin's bright story, where the sketches of parish life and work are particularly apt and real. Now Mrs. Molesworth is not at her best in "Miss Bouverie" (Chambers), which is just a bit dull. The misunderstanding between the heiress and her soldier cousin is too long spun out to maintain interest. It is to be hoped that such an un-civilised family as "The Girls of the Forest" (Chambers) could exist only in Mrs. Meade's imagination, for they must have been a

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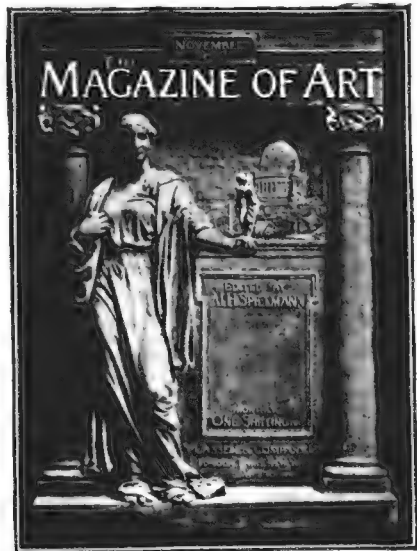
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fearsome collection to encounter, even for such a pattern maiden aunt as the authoress depicts. Their reformation is very smartly told, while the objectionable child, Penelope, is cleverly hit off. Smaller children will be amused by the adventures of "Two Little Travellers" (Nelson), by Ray Cunningham, and will not cavil at the very well-worn theme of juvenile runaways trapped by the unscrupulous keepers of a travelling show. One more page of childish history is sad and lifelike sketches of the inmates of a children's hospital, simply drawn by Ellen Eyfe, as "Our Little Patients" (Nelson).

FUN AND FANCY

Prehistoric man does not seem a very likely subject for jokes. But the American sense of humour is keen, and accordingly Mr. F. Oppen has managed to put "Our Antediluvian Ancestors" (Pearson) before us in a truly comical light. To his mind, those little-known beings who dwell in caves, wore skins and used rude stone implements had pretty well the same interests and domestic cares as their modern descendants, so it is his fancy to picture prehistoric man in circumstances much like our own. The result is highly laughable, and if our ancestors, according to Mr. Oppen's pencil, are not strictly handsome, they are certainly quaint and original. Witness the amusing scene of Man having a tooth pulled, to cite but one of many merry illustrations. To turn to native talent, Mrs. Ernest Ames's name on the title-page always promises entertainment, and her "Wonderful England" (Grant Richards), is as good as can be. Mrs. Ames sees the comic side of everyday life to perfection, and gives the topics of the day many a sly dig. The burly policemen, the torpedo destroyers that break their backs, the remount scandal, the tame stag hunt—one of the best—the urchin in Court, and at the Board School, and Tea on the Terrace, are full of genuine humour. A good laugh too, may be had from "Twinkling Stars" (Jarrold), by Theodosia Alady, wherein a personally conducted party go a balloon trip among the stars, and see strange sights. Some of the sketches are distinctly clever.

BRIGHT STORIES FOR SMALL PEOPLE

Miss Edna Lyall's pen has rested so long that even a slight story is welcome. Very charming, too, are her memories of happy children of forty years ago—"The Burges Letters" (Longmans)—

(Macmillan) how much more her talent lies in these simple tales for small children than in the more pretentious novelettes for older girls. Peterkin and his companions are quite fascinating, although causing sad anxiety to their families. Chronicles of large families

always abound, and both "The Other Boy" (Macmillan), by Evelyn Sharp, and "The House at Bramling Minster," by Bessie Marchant (S.P.C.K.), are pleasant examples of their kind, where the young people tumble in and out of harmless mischief, and all comes right in the end. The "Dumpy Books" (Grant Richards), with their merry pictures, have already won their way into little folks' affections, and now appear in two sizes, fitting divers ages. A trio of the tiny ones include a most amusing tale of a cat and a little girl, "The bad Mrs. Ginger," by Honor C. Appleton, a collection of "Dollies" from all parts of the world, by Ruth Cobb and Richard Hunter, and a reprint of a good old friend, "Peter Piper's Practical Principles," with its crackjaw alphabetic phrases and old-fashioned illustrations. Thackeray's familiar fairy tale, "The Rose and the King," appears in the larger series, where "Baby Jane's Mission," by R. Parnell, is a very original idea. Baby Jane goes to Africa to civilise the wild beasts, and the account, both pictorial and literary, of her mission is truly funny. It is a mistake to write fairy tales in a style above children's heads, yet Maud Stowell, in the last of the bigger Dumpy Books "About Fairies and Other Facts," and Edith King-Hall, in "Fairy Fairies and Fun" (Foxwell), alike fall into the trap, though both have pretty ideas, gracefully expressed. A few picture-books for the finish. A tastefully illustrated short life of Our Lord, "The Friend of Little Children," and some familiar Bible stories briefly told, "Sunday Afternoon" (Nelson), will be a boon to mothers on Sundays, while the little ones just learning to read will revel in "Mother Hubbard's Cupboard of Nursery Rhymes," "Red Indians," the animal books like "Fur-Coats," "Country Cousins," "Beaks and Bills" (Nelson), and a host of companions where the pictures are good and taking without any attempt at eccentric art.



A fine barrow has just been opened at St. Mary's, Scilly Islands, by Mr. George Benson, who pronounced it to be the finest yet seen in the West of England. It is enclosed in a perfect stone circle 120 feet in circumference, and the dimensions of the tomb are: Length, with entrance passage, 22 ft.; length of tomb itself, 14 ft. over the top, and 10 ft. inside; width, across large covering stones, 5 ft.; width inside, 5 ft.; and height inside, 4 ft. An amulet, evidently made from a human heel bone, and some broken pottery were found inside. Our photograph is by C. J. King, Scilly Islands.

A BARROW JUST DISCOVERED AT ST. MARY'S, SCILLY ISLANDS

plainly a personal record of home life in a town and amongst people veiled in the most transparent disguise. Anyone who wants a fresh and taking Christmas gift should certainly get this little book. Here again, too, is Mrs. Molesworth proving by "Peterkin"

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"PICTURES OF MANY WARS"

In "Pictures of Many Wars" (Cassell), Mr. Frederic Villiers gives us a collection of notes and sketches gleaned in many campaigns when acting as War Correspondent firstly for THE GRAPHIC, and subsequently for the *Illustrated London News*, *Standard*, *Black and White*, *Daily News*, *Globe*, and various Colonial and American papers. It is a quarter of a century since Mr. Frederic Villiers, then quite a very young man, without any experience, offered to go out for THE GRAPHIC to the Turko-Servian War. Mr. Villiers was sanguine and full of confidence, but, even so, he must have been astonished when, after a brief interview, the managing director, the late Mr. W. L. Thomas, ordered him to start at once. That same evening he left Charing Cross on his journey to Servia, with a letter of introduction to Archibald Forbes. Since then Mr. Frederic Villiers has been, with a few short intervals, constantly on the warpath up to the first year of the recent South African campaign. The book is not a connected narrative of the wars in which the author has been engaged, but a series of vivid pen pictures, which make twenty-one short stories, all of which are true. There is in these stories a force and directness that point to an artist's hand. There is no waste of words, but the scene described is brought before the reader's eyes. One of the best of the stories is the "Death Tramp of the Turkish Prisoners," which deals with the Russian victory at Plevna after Osman had kept them at bay for one hundred and forty days. We get a picture of the unfortunate Turks being marched along the road as prisoners:

He and the officers tramped the men who had so long kept the Muscovites at bay, round Plevna. How spiritless and broken they now looked as they trudged

wearily along the road to their captivity! Half-starved, almost dead with fatigue and the cruel cold, many with fever burning in their eyes, mere stalking bones and foul rags, came the brave troops who had made the fame of Osman Pasha. . . . Many of these wretched creatures were even now falling out of the ranks, and lying down to die. One had just thrown himself in the snow by the roadside; he could go no farther. A comrade, loath to leave him, followed and tried to persuade him to struggle once more to join the line. There was no answer; he had said "no" or was dead. The ghastly line of living phantoms was trudging wearily forward. A soldier of the rear guard now came up, with the butt end of his musket he roughly pushed the living man back into the ranks; then with a brutal kick turned the head of the fallen Turk over in the snow. A wild fixed stare met his gaze. The Turk was dead. The soldier hastily shouldered his rifle and rejoined the guard.

Mr. Villiers tells of the devotion of a Russian Red Cross nurse in trying to provide a few comforts for these poor prisoners:

The long black line came to a halt, and a ration of bread was served out to each prisoner of war. Some dropped the bread, their hands too stiffened with frost to hold it, and then there was a free fight among their more ravenous and stronger brethren for the dropped morsel, till the guard with the butt end of their rifles restored order. Some strove to moisten the food in the puddles thawed by the warmth of their bodies, while others knelt in the snow, turning their weary hands towards the East, and fervently praying after their fashion. I looked at the sister. She was trembling with emotion. Tears stood in her eyes. "Ah," she said as she wished me good-bye, "I begin to love these wretched Turks. This misery atones for their many sins. God help them, for how little can we do."

"PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART"

Although Mr. Caffin, in the first sentence of this volume, asks "Can photography be reckoned among the fine arts?" the query is not answered, unless we are to consider the large number of undoubtedly artistic illustrations which adorn the book as sufficient proof that photography can be reckoned among the fine arts. The author deals more with the subject embodied in the sub-title, "Photography as a Fine Art." By Charles H. Caffin. (Grant Richards.)

"The Achievements and Possibilities of Photographic Art," beginning with the first "light-pictures" as discovered by Daguerre, and tracing photography and giving examples of results through ensuing years, concludes with some of the finest and most artistic photographs, mostly American, that have ever been met with in modern times. Where all are so good it would seem invidious to particularise, but we might mention as being among the best, Alfred Stieglitz, an American amateur, Miss Gertrude Kaselbier, Clarence White, Eva Watson, and Frank Eugene. In any case, whether photography be a fine art or not, this is a handsome, artistically illustrated volume, and one calculated to interest all photographers.

The October issue of "The Royal Navy List" (Wetherby and Co.) makes the hundredth of this very useful work, which was started twenty-five years ago by Lieutenant-Colonel Lean. The founder's name has disappeared from the title, and the volume is titled as above. We have repeatedly drawn attention to the admirable arrangement of the book, the great merit of which consists in the fact that it is very easy of reference. The war and meritorious services of officers of the Navy and Marines and Naval Reserve during the late war are duly recorded. Details are given of the civil appointments held by retired officers: the careers of old friends can thus be traced. The "List" has been brought thoroughly up to date, appointments dated as late as October 8 being recorded. A new feature has been added to the present issue in the shape of an interesting article, comparing the conditions of the Service at the present day with those obtaining at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign.

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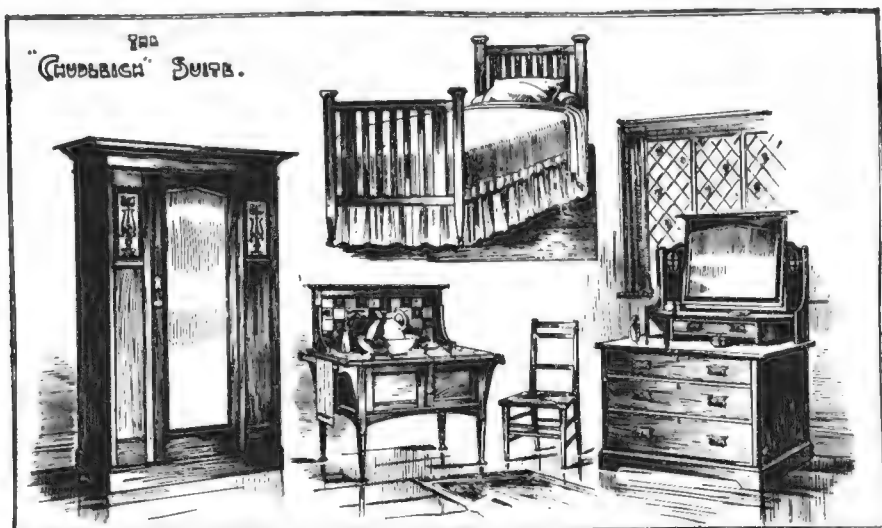
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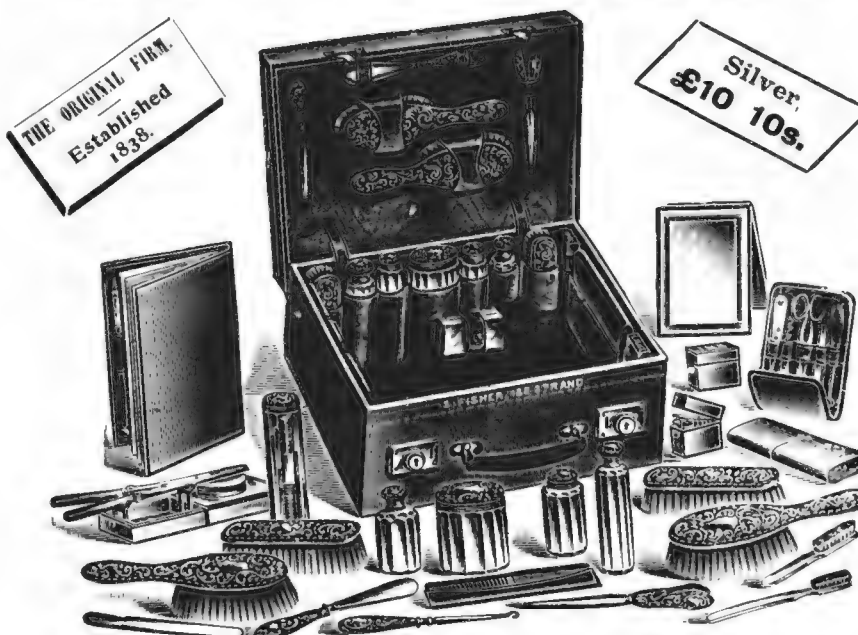
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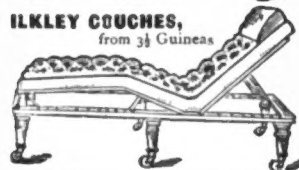
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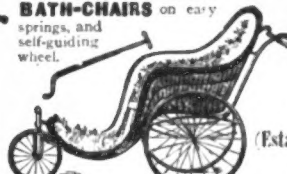
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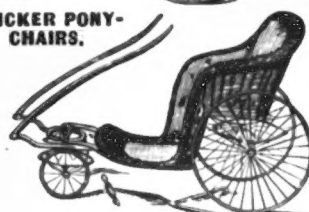
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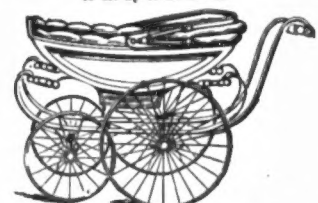


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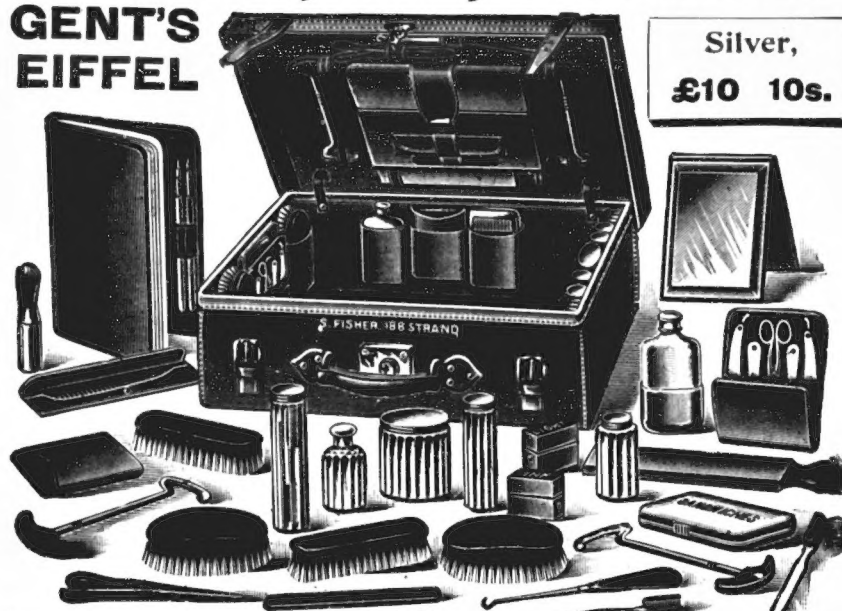


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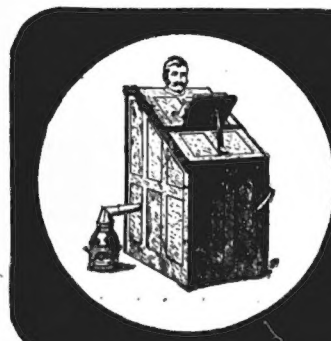


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